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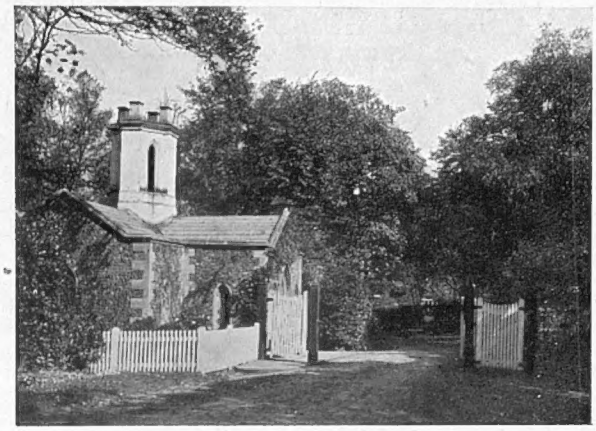

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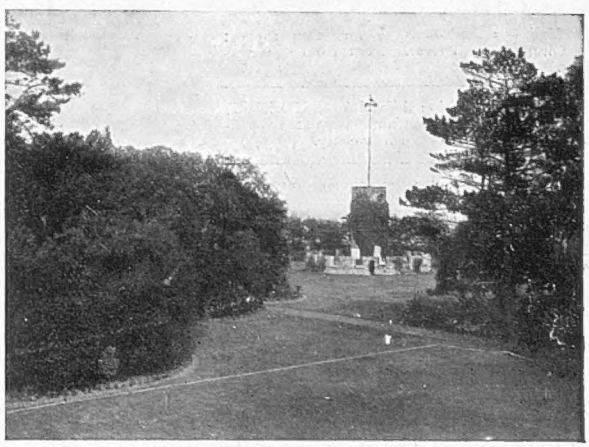

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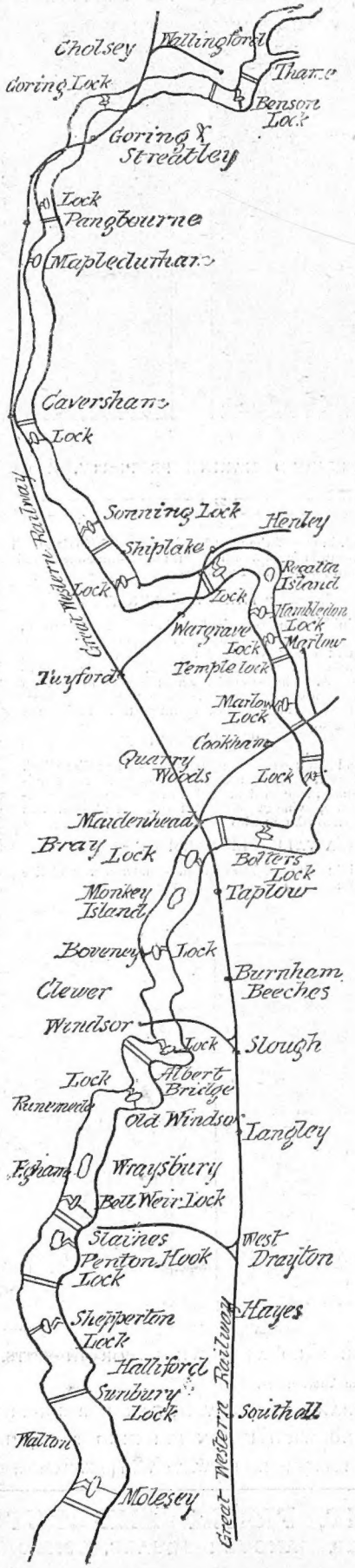

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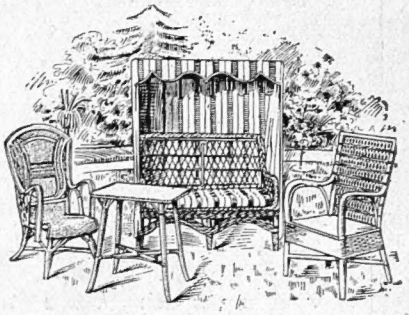

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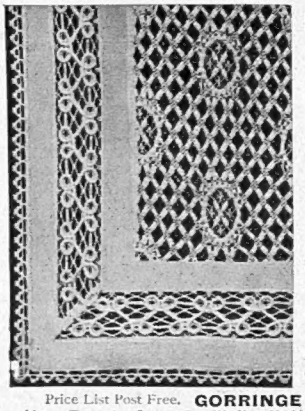

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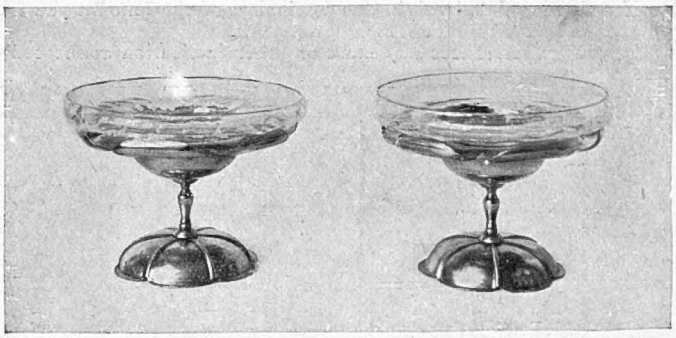

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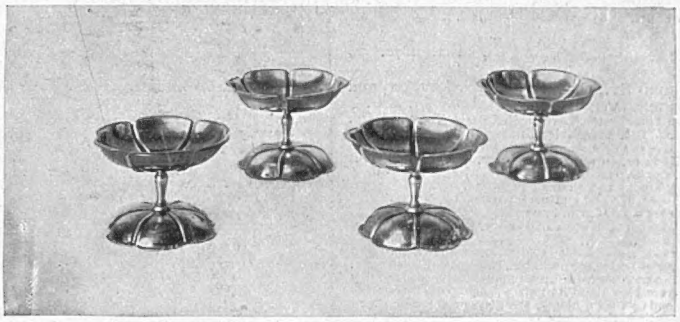

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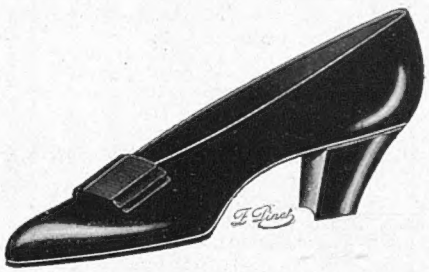

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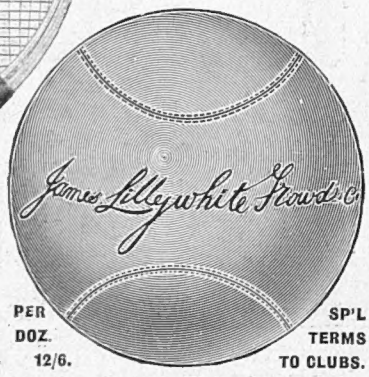

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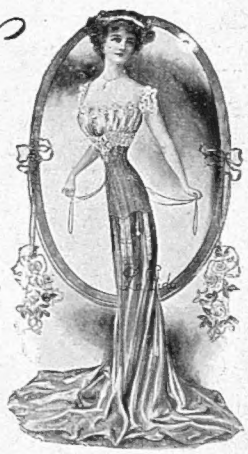

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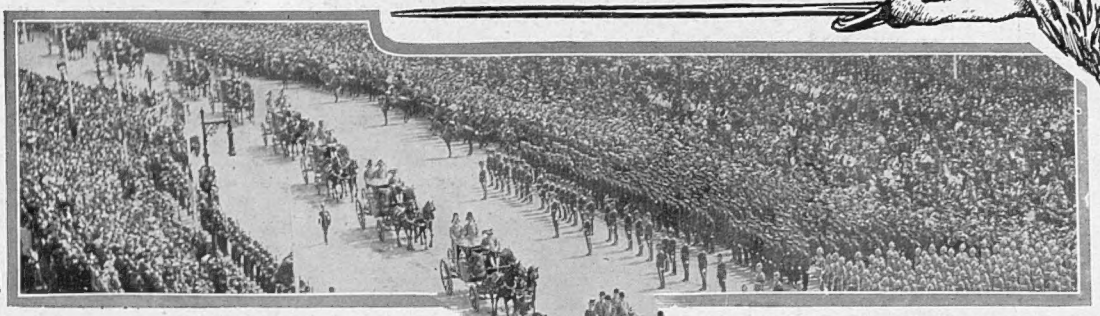
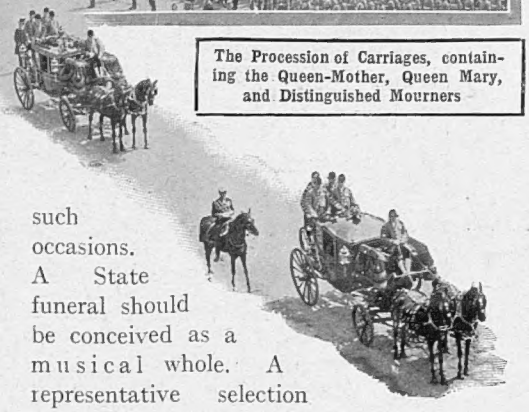
King Edward's Funeral



The Procession of Carriages, containing the Queen-Mother, Queen Mary, and Distinguished Mourners



The Last Ride

THE excellent daily newspapers have given to the world the descriptions that the world expected of Friday's pageantry. The overwhelming solemnity of the spectacle and the tender reverence of the crowd have been faithfully set on record. Certainly all that mere man could do to give an effect of solemnity to the procession was done. But despite the measured steps and slow of the military escorts, and the muffled strains of the massed bands, the effect on the senses was one of glittering splendour rather than of sombreness. King Edward's last ride through London was favoured with King's weather. The helmets and lances and gilt buttons and spurs glinted inappropriately, while the parks looked innocently lovely.

Appropriate?

Edward, whose reign was the most brilliant of our recent history, was buried brilliantly. Edward the Peacemaker was borne to his peace on a gun-carriage. It was inevitable, of course, but——! Spectacularly, the military convention which thus carries the dead to rest is not wholly satisfactory. The vehicle is too low to form, as it should, the centre-piece of the pageant. Many spectators did not realise, on its approach, that it was actually the bier of the beloved King until told so—too late. Nor did the music altogether fulfil its proper function. The selection of Chopin's pretty, sentimental little march in preference to *Saul* gave the procession a certain incongruous jauntiness which was only partially mitigated when followed by Beethoven's nobler strains. Schubert was, it is true, called in as an "extra," and the authorities had the tact not to repeat the error of 1901 in playing the death music from *Trovatore*. One does not like to think of future State funerals, but it would be a wise measure for a small committee of musicians to reconsider the whole question of the music suitable for such occasions. A State funeral should be conceived as a musical whole. A representative selection of heroic and pathetic passages from the orchestral works of the great masters would be infinitely more appropriate than the reiteration of band arrangements of rather hackneyed movements from sonatas composed for the pianoforte.

A Brilliant Achievement

Otherwise there is room for intense satisfaction at the truly admirable manner in which the mournful ceremonies have been carried out. The processions—to and from Westminster, to Paddington, and in Windsor—passed off without a hitch. The largest assemblage of crowned heads, princes, and diplomatists ever seen in one place has been accomplished without mishap, and the largest crowds have been controlled without even a show of undue force.

Whose Inspiration?

These accomplishments reflect immense credit on all who have assisted and advised His Majesty in his exceptional stress. But, apart from such, whom, one may now ask, have we to thank for the *imagination* which has certainly been shown, particularly in the matter of the Lying-in-State? Precedent is certainly not responsible for the placing of the King's bier where hundreds of thousands of his sorrowing subjects might do him

Sykes

A PANORAMA OF FRIDAY'S BRILLIANT PAGEANT

THE PROCESSION LEAVING HYDE PARK AT THE MARBLE ARCH

In front will be seen the gun-carriage, followed immediately by the King, the Kaiser, and the Duke of Connaught, the Kings of Greece, Denmark, Spai.., Norway, Portugal, Belgium, and Bulgaria. The carriages containing the Royal ladies are seen within the Park side of the Marble Arch

homage. There has been a new thought somewhere —whose?

Politics and King Edward's Death

For my part, I suspect it to have come from the brain of a statesman, and that it had a distinct political *arrière pensée*. Undoubtedly there has been, of late, a strong need to emphasise, in some big way, the detachment of the Crown from political strife. Sorrowful as it is to think of, the death of our late monarch furnished such an opportunity. Crown and people have, by this public homage, been brought into closer contact, and, as was pointed out in THE BYSTANDER last week, the politician has been, for once, practically excluded. In the public lamentations, and in the Accession ceremonies, the continuity of the Crown has been demonstrated over the head of Parliament, which has been, for once, made to figure before the public as what it actually is—the Talking Shop. Soon it will reassemble to talk again; but, meanwhile, the Crown has been replaced in the dignity from which it should never have been lowered.

enough. But there is little doubt that the nervous anxiety which the King displayed during the whole of his stay at Biarritz did a great deal to predispose him to the fatal recurrence of the bronchial trouble from which he died. As soon as the obsequies are over, a drastic inquiry should certainly be made into the responsibility for the first introduction of the King's name into the Lords *v.* Commons squabble.

Catholics and the Crown

It is generally believed, by the way, that the very first important work of the reassembled Parliament will be the modification of the Coronation oath. That King George himself strongly desires this is obvious by His Majesty's reluctance to take it before the Privy Council on the occasion of his accession. "Must I take this?" he is reported to have asked of the Lord Chancellor, to which the reply was, regretfully, in the affirmative. That King Edward, consistently, of course, with his official Protestantism, was specially well-disposed to his Catholic subjects is generally known. His

The Most Moving Figures in the Procession

King Edward's charger, followed by his favourite terrier, Cæsar, who immediately followed the gun-carriage. The episode touched every heart, and caused tears to come to more eyes than their owners would care to confess. Cæsar, it is said, is heart-broken at the loss of his beloved master, and has refused to be comforted since the fatal day

Who Was Responsible?

In this connection, political agents in various parts of the country are, I hear, reporting the existence of a deep and significant popular sentiment, which will one day out at the polls. The foundation of this feeling lies in the report of the King's doctors themselves. "Those around him," they said, "knew how earnestly concerned he was at the present strained position of political affairs, and this fact should not be lost sight of in an all-round consideration of the King's health." That the King should have been so affected is a grave reflection on his advisers, whose business, above all, was to shield the Crown from concern in party controversies. Mr. Asquith's declaration, at the bidding of Mr. Redmond and the Radical rabble, and against, as everybody believes, his own better judgment and that of his Whig allies, was the culmination of a series of allusions on platform and in Press which directly threatened to compromise the Crown. His Majesty's fatal illness itself was no doubt grave

visit to the Pope early in his reign conveyed the fact, and some of His Majesty's latest acts confirm it. For instance, the last place to be visited by him on the Continent was Lourdes; and the King—who had quite recently shown in a practical manner his continued interest in Westminster Cathedral—retained a close friendship with Father Bernard Vaughan, who visited the Palace during the last days.

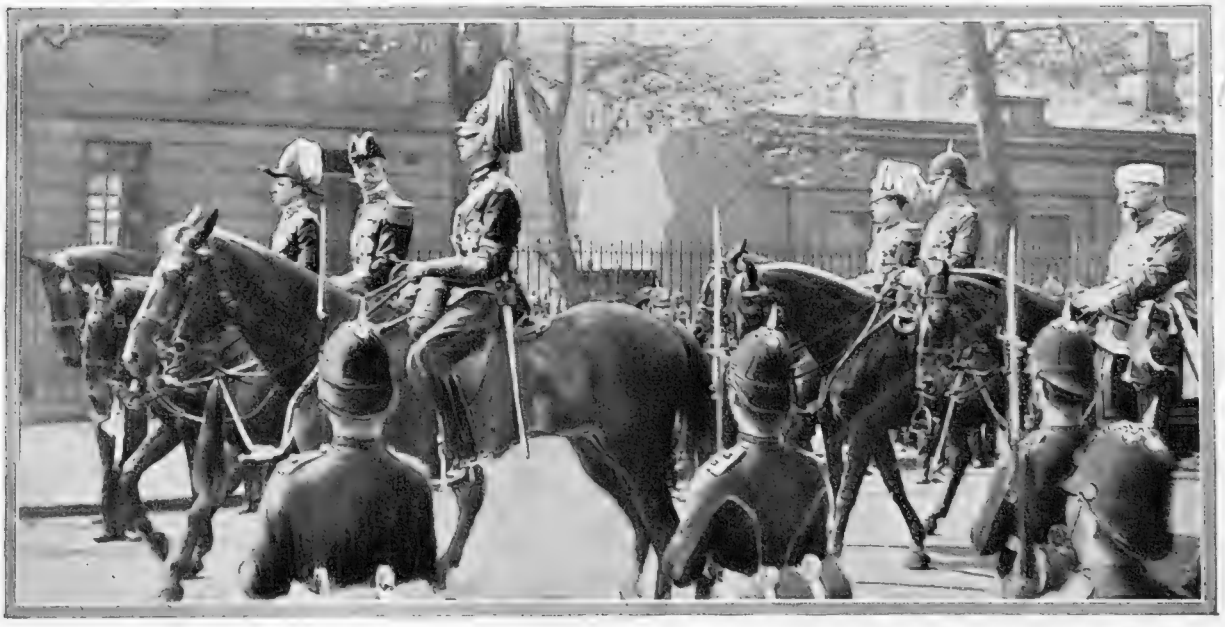
The Decorations

I wonder what foreigners thought of the street decorations on Friday last? Personally, I think it would have been much better to have left Piccadilly alone, as the result, though well meant, was not exactly convincing. The so-called Venetian masts were not high enough, and the wreaths, though all very well from a patriotic point of view, did not add to the beauty of the scheme of decorations. Why is it that we, in England, who manage our actual processions so superbly, fail so egregiously in the decoration of the routes through which they pass?

The Peacemaker's Prominent Mourners

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, IN THE SECOND CARRIAGE, WITH QUEEN MARY

THE KAISER, KING GEORGE, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT



THE KINGS OF SPAIN, GREECE, NORWAY, PORTUGAL, DENMARK, AND BULGARIA

THE THIN BLACK LINE
A section of the historic queue, which, at its longest, stretched for a length of eight miles. Altogether about half a million people passed into Westminster Hall to do homage to the dead King

Piccadilly in Purple

Piccadilly could be made to look quite impressive on a great occasion like Friday last, if only some general scheme of decoration could be arrived at. Very few people did anything more than drape a balcony with a little purple bunting. One of the best effects was obtained at Bath House by Sir Julius and Lady Wernher, and the sombre hangings at Apsley House were excellent. Some of the houses in Parliament Street were notably well decorated, the offices belonging to Sir Weetman Pearson at the corner of New Scotland Yard looking well with fine hangings of purple velvet. Many well-known people entertained friends on the line of route, among others the Duke and Duchess of Wellington at Apsley House, Lord and Lady Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. Neumann, Lord and Lady Bathurst at their empty house in Piccadilly, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. King, Sir Julius and Lady Wernher, Mr. Huntingdon, Mr. Myles Kennedy, Mr. Burdett Coutts, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and others in Piccadilly.

White's Distinguishes Itself

A pleasing, popular touch was noticeable in St. James's Street after the procession had passed. A score or so members of White's occupied themselves for the greater part of an hour handing out glasses of water to parched crowds on their way southward. "Now *that*," remarked a tattered, but genial, critic in the rear, "is what I call something like!" Certainly White's quite distinguished itself by its happy thought. In Carlton House Terrace, dense crowds were to be seen; large parties assembled at the German Embassy, Lord and Lady Lonsdale had friends at their house, and Lady Herbert, Sir Edward and Lady Stern, Lord Curzon, and Sir Weetman and Lady Pearson, all had guests in their gardens and at their windows.

Thoughtless Spectators

I must confess at being shocked to see so many people, and people who ought to have known better too, actually sitting whilst the coffin of the late King went by. I am sorry to have to say so, but I am afraid many smart spectators did not evince such respect as they ought to have done on such a solemn and impressive occasion. A certain number of women, I am glad to say, had the grace to curtsey to the Royal remains, which, it should have been generally known, is the right and proper etiquette.

The Court Mourning

The great aim of correct Court mourning seems that it shall be as far removed as possible from the prevailing fashions of the moment elsewhere. Neither Royalty nor those in the Royal circle have, of course, ever favoured the present "little girl" mode, with its attendant abbreviations and attenuations. But in their deep mourning the Court, the real Court, people insist, so one of their favourite *modistes* tells me, on a fashion particularly, and far from prettily, their own. *Glacé* is their idol; they like lots of trimmings, highly set, full sleeves, ample and very long skirts, and, above all, to rustle. Queen Alexandra is already wearing the Marie Stuart cap with long *crêpe* ends with which the pictures of Queen Victoria made the whole world familiar for so many years.

The New Régime

Now that the first deep shock of grief for the late and much-loved King has a little worn away, the prevailing note of feeling seems to be one of satisfaction and thankfulness that at such a serious moment in the history of the country a serious-minded King sits upon the Throne. And there is, too, a certain appeal to the English people in the knowledge that the Court, for all the rigid exclusiveness that is bound to characterise it, is once again a children's Court. For, above all things, the King and Queen are devoted to their children. "The kiddies," as the King calls them, though simply brought up, have never, like many other children of high estate, been condemned to bloom unseen within nursery walls. They are constantly with their parents, whose greatest pleasure it is to play games with them, and in their manner, appearance, and whole behaviour there is an attractive simplicity.

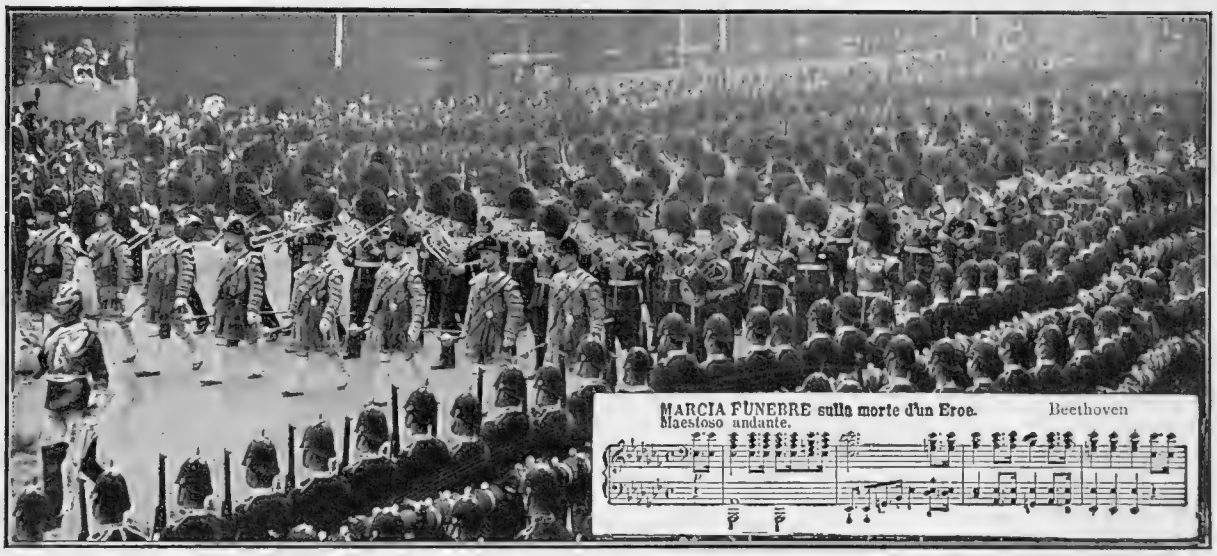
Spectators Themselves Inspected

BY A BYSTANDER WITNESS OF THE ROYAL OBSEQUIES

BY NORMAN MORROW

"ON THE DEATH OF A HERO"

AN IMPRESSION AT WESTMINSTER HALL, MAY 17, 1910



THE MASSED BANDS OF 400 GUARDSMEN PASSING DOWN WHITEHALL

SORROW was, last week, the one and only legitimate and authorised entrant into the London breast. If, however, speaking of my own, another was ever allowed momentary lodgment therein, it was Patriotic Pride. Other nations, I reflected, could teach us many things, but none of them could have buried a King like that.

The mere processions—those, perhaps, Germany, Russia, or Austria-Hungary could have equalled. Military pomp, massed bands, Kings, Queens, Princes, we may, one day, witness in Berlin, Vienna, or St. Petersburg. But such a scene as I witnessed from a window above Palace Yard, on the occasion of the arrival of the Royal bier at Westminster Hall, I could have witnessed nowhere else than in London; never before, and probably never shall I see its like again.

Below me lay everything that goes to make up the British Constitution. The Crown—its dead and its living wearers—Lords and Commons, Army, Navy, and—People. All were concentrated there in a harmony as sonorous and sublime as the chords of the "Dead March" itself. Everything that goes to make up the thing they call Britain was there, and I was glad that there were some Americans present to look upon it. Often had they "guessed" that they could do things better over their side, but This had taken a thousand years to arrange. It had taken a thousand years to learn thus to bury a King, and it had taken a thousand years to evolve a King worthy such a burial.

Looking back over British history, one could remember no previous *King*—our Queens were often quite successful—who proceeded to his shrine amid even a semblance of geniune mourning. Edward's predecessors of the House of Hanover had not endeared themselves. The Stuarts, romantic enough to read about from the comfortable distance of several centuries, were not good to live under. The Tudors and Plantagenets belong to the period when Kings were feared, but not beloved. No, the only predecessor of the Peacemaker who was, one suspects mourned universally, was the Confessor of the same name—and I have my doubts about him. I prefer the bold and round assertion that England has *never* mourned any kind of King as she has mourned Edward VII.

At the start of the procession, they played Beethoven, and the muffled tones seemed neither more nor less than appropriate to the "death of a hero." But as I heard, approaching from Whitehall, the strains of the Dead March, I conceived old Handel rising from his tomb in the Abbey opposite and saying, "At last you English deserve the music I wrote for you." I had rarely before thought the passage of anybody to be altogether deserving of strains of such terrible majesty. To say Edward VII. deserves them more than a Victoria, a Wellington, or a Gladstone may seem sycophantry. But in these obsequies we have done something vastly more than bury a man; we have enshrined a Tradition. The one British King who lived and ruled by the absolute consent of millions of people, in his death plunged his subjects into a grief greater, in some cases, than had he been of their own flesh. Undoubtedly history will regard these May Mournings of 1910 as fit subjects for marvel. We who witnessed them shall be regarded as among the fortunate of the peoples of the ages.

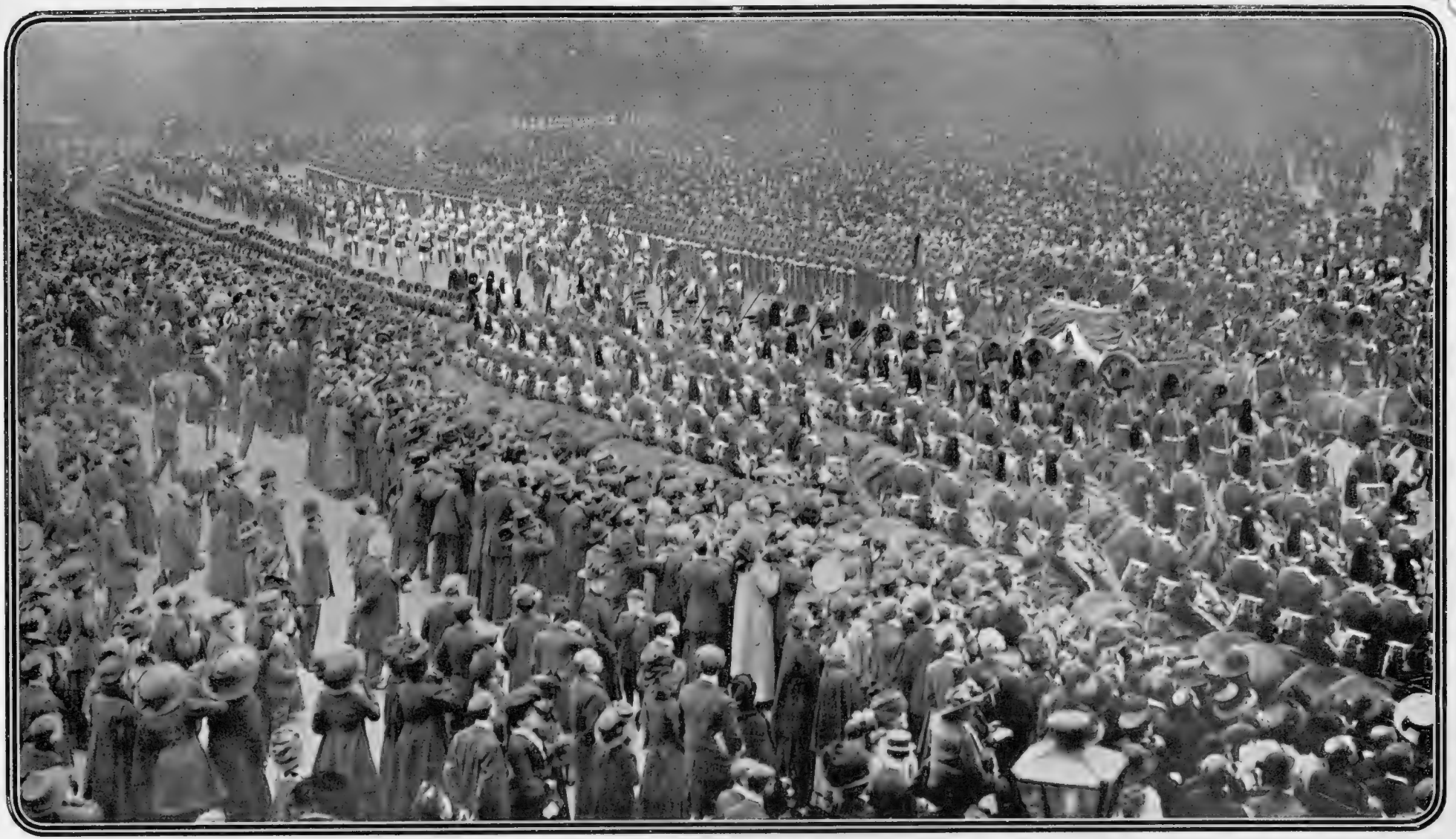
"You saw *him* borne to rest?" one's shade may be asked, some hundreds of years hence, by some new arrival from a giltless England long since blackened by the coats of Communism. "*The* King Edward?" And one may reply, enthusiastically, "Yes. And the Dead March was really played; and the mourners really mourned; and the flags flew half-mast, and Kings and Princes walked afoot, and Big Ben boomed, and soldiers and sailors stood at salute and Parliament speechless, and thousands and thousands of people, who saw little but others who saw less, stood black, bare-headed, and silent as far as the eye could see across the Bridge and down all the streets. Yes, I saw him borne to rest—*the* King Edward." V. C.

Whitehall to Westminster

PANORAMA OF TUESDAY'S PROCESSION PHOTOGRAPHED FROM PARLIAMENT STREET

The King and his two eldest sons will be identified in the immediate re r of the gun-carriage, and closely behind them are the King of Norway, the King of Denmark, and the other foreign Royalties who had arrived for the earlier solemnities

King Edward Passes Among His People for the Last Time



THE LYING-IN-STATE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH HORSE GUARDS PARADE

Personalities in the Procession

H.M. THE QUEEN-MOTHER

who, despite her grief, acknowledged with her accustomed charm the silent salutations of the crowd

FOREIGN NOTABILITIES

EARL ROBERTS CHATTING WITH VISCOUNT KITCHENER

HIGH OFFICERS OF STATE

KING GEORGE AND THE YOUNG PRINCES ON FOOT LEADING THE FOLLOWERS OF THE GUN CARRIAGE

In their immediate rear will be recognised the King of Denmark, the Duke of Connaught, the King of Norway, Prince Christian, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, and Prince Arthur of Connaught

MOURNING—IS IT A MISTAKE?

A PARISIAN POINT OF VIEW. BY JOHN N. RAPHAEL

One of the greatest charms of Paris to a man who lives there, and who associates with many French people, is their absolute originality of thought. A thing which has always struck me very forcibly upon a visit home is our English peculiarity of thinking in grooves. I have heard it called conservatism, but I am myself inclined to put it down to laziness of thought. The alert French mind thinks independently—sometimes a little wildly even, but the independence has the charm of a cold bath on a hot summer morning.

We were sitting in a café talking about the sorrow which has come upon England. Several pretty things had been said showing the sympathy which exists here with England in her grief, when a man, who had been reading the paper, dashed it down on to the stone table and thumped it with his fist. "This mourning is a crime," he said. We could not at first quite make out what he meant.

"I have been reading about the appearance of your London streets," he said. "Black shop windows, women in crape-trimmed dresses, men in black clothes—black everywhere—no speck of colour to be seen. It's a marvel that they don't cover the lawns in the parks with black!" "But mourning is worn as a sign of respect for the dead." "Respect for the dead is right and good, but respect for the living is better. You are not wearing mourning. You are an Englishman. Do you feel any less respect for the memory of the dead King than your compatriots at home? Do I feel any less respect for him? Do any of us here?" "But," I said, "Englishmen at home wear mourning for the King as they would wear it for the loss of one of their own family." "That," said my friend the artist, "is the crime." We all spoke at once. "But——" we were saying. He let us go no further. "No, no, I am not crazy," he cried; "I have thought a good deal about this thing, and what I read about London to-day has made me see things clearly. I am sure that this mourning, this orgie of black is a crime. The clubs with lowered shutters, the shops with their windows dressed in black and white, crape everywhere, even on the whips of the coachmen. It cannot be right. The picture strikes home because of its size. A King is dead, and the nation is in black. But the same thing in little happens in every family in France, in England, in Germany—everywhere in Europe. In China they have more sense. Mourning is yellow there, and not so dangerous."

"Dangerous?" I asked. "Yes, dangerous! My dear fellow, do you mind telling us why you have a grey coat on? I happen to know, but I should like you to tell these fellows your reason for not wearing mourning." "It is quite simple," I said. "Some weeks ago my wife lost a near relative. Not long before she had another loss. I persuaded her that she would do no harm by wearing colours, because I noticed that the black affected her health. The dye came off, and the colour—the houseful of people in black—made her so downspirited that she became ill. The doctor and I interfered. And, as I persuaded her not to wear black, I do not wear it myself. I feel no less respect for the late King for that." "Of course you don't," said the artist, "and your wife feels her grief neither less nor more because she is not wearing the dangerously disgusting trappings of convention. No, no, don't interrupt. Do let me say what is in my mind. I assure you that I wish to hurt nobody's feelings, but I tell you I have thought of this thing.

"We all know what it is to lose a dear friend. At first there comes the blank disbelief that death is possible, then we feel that we cannot bear it, then time and religion—one or both of them—make life easier. We take comfort, but our loss is brought back to us every minute of the day. How often have you seen a family in mourning some days or weeks after death takes their dear one from them become much more cheerful. Something amusing happens. They laugh. Then they catch sight of one another's black clothes. It all comes back to them, and they are plunged in grief again. Grief is unavoidable, and no one would avoid grief altogether if they could, for it makes happiness taste even better. But artificial grief is wrong, and to a thinking man black mourning clothes, clothes which make our lives miserable—artificially miserable, mind you—are a crime. They are as wrong and as absurd as the paid mourners of the East, who wail for wages and throw ashes on their heads. I honestly think that mourning clothes are both unnecessary and unchristian. It is natural, and it is religion's teaching, that after grief should come reaction. Acute pain dulls itself. So does acute sorrow. It is not natural to grieve for ever. The Christian religion teaches that there is no such thing as perpetual death—that death is but a change for something better. We are all selfish, and it is quite natural that we should grieve over a loss. But it is neither natural nor right to force ourselves to grieve, and to prolong our grief by artificial means."

"And in this case, where a nation, where many nations, are in mourning for one of the great Kings of history, surely his memory will last, surely the sorrow for his loss will live, without making a nation artificially miserable. It seems to me, this country dressed in black, a desecration of the honest natural grief which a great nation feels. It looks to me here, at a distance, as though England were saying, 'See how sorry I am!' Surely England does not need to whine for sympathy in this way. Surely none of us mean to whine when we put on black clothes. But we do. A friend sees us in black, and asks questions. This occurs twenty times in a day. Twenty times in a day we are forced back into sorrow whether we wish it or no. This is wrong. And black is wrong. Any doctor will tell you how unhealthy it is. It does not need an artist to tell you that it is ugly. It is the one colour that does not exist in Nature. Even coal shines, and the coat of a black dog has both a shine and coloured hairs in it. What Nature does not permit cannot surely be right. I am hoping for the day when men will, if they must, find some other sign of mourning than black crape, and hoping for the day when crape and dull, dead, shamefully unhealthy black will be illegal wear."

And we went away thinking.

In Mourning London Town

The Procession in Whitehall

IMPRESSIONS IN THE VICINITY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE LAST WEEK BY H. M. BATEMAN

Racing Prospects in the New Reign

AND THOSE OF EPSOM IN PARTICULAR. BY CARBINE

Lord Rosebery's Nell Gow
The hero of the Two Thousand Guineas, and expected by many to win his owner's fourth Derby on June 1

Photographs *Sport and General*
Mr. Fairie's Lemberg
Beaten a head by Neil Gow at Newmarket. The opinion is widely held that he will defeat Lord Rosebery's colt at Epsom

Racing Resumed

THIS week the longest interregnum ever known under Jockey Club Rules has come to an end. It was well that the Turf should pay an unexampled tribute to the memory of one who was its greatest patron and most invaluable supporter. Now that sport has been resumed, it may be appropriate to consider the immediate prospects of racing under King George V. Our Sovereign has already displayed too much interest in the sport to cause any uneasiness as to the light in which he regards the Turf. An excellent horseman himself, His Majesty appreciates the stirring excitement of the steeplechase. He appreciates, too, the fascinating spectacle of a field of high-class thoroughbreds fighting gallantly for the mastery on the flat. He would not be the son of his father if these things failed to move him.

His Majesty as Paddock Critic

I have sometimes seen His Majesty in the paddock just before a big race looking over the horses with a critical eye, and have taken it as a sign that Britain's new Ruler has an admiration for the thoroughbred horse that is typically British. Critics at home and abroad tell us that England is decadent in some things, but her pure-bred racer is still unexcelled, and foreign Governments are glad to come to us whenever their breeding studs need new blood—which is not infrequent. It has generally been the custom of our Sovereigns to maintain a stud of thoroughbreds; even Victoria kept some good broodmares for many years in the Bushey Park paddocks, and bred several notable winners. It is highly probable that King George will continue the Sandringham Stud and also enjoy the pleasure of breeding winners of races. It may be premature to anticipate the time when his loyal lieges will have the satisfaction of cheering the King's colours to victory on the racecourse. But whether he races his own horses or not, the Turf is assured of His Majesty's approval and support. The King has been a member of the Jockey Club since 1894.

The Turf's New Chapter

With a new monarchy a new epoch begins for the Turf as well as for the Empire. It seems ages since we saw the Two Thousand Guineas run for, and the resumption of racing this week will appear like the opening of a fresh chapter in the annals of the Turf. There will be no actual changes, but the void caused by King Edward's death will be felt by all. Midsummer approaches, and we shall soon be in the thick of the most important meetings of the season; but oh, how drear Epsom will be without the presence of that premier sportsman who so loved to see the galloping horses swept round Tattenham Corner and struggle desperately all along the straight. How can we go to Epsom without picturing that unforgettable scene which followed Minoru's triumph a year ago? Our late King's face, radiant as it was then with the delight of his victory and its joyous reception by his subjects, must unfailingly rise before us. Socially, of course, the Epsom Meeting cannot be even the merest shadow of itself, and Ascot and Goodwood must also be held amid lingering tributes of the national sorrow.

Notable Derby in Prospect

Nevertheless, the crowd at Epsom will, no doubt, be little below the average size, for we are promised a race for the Derby of rare excitement. For

A Derby Victory which the Nation Desires

THE public hope that it will be a Primrose Derby is deeper than we know. A Sportsman King gone, it is at least a consoling thought that we have left a Sportsman-Statesman. Lord Rosebery has won Derbies before, and one heralded a defeat at the polls. Fifteen years have passed, and his lordship, long freed from party politics, holds a unique position. A Derby victory in 1910 would prepare the public for what the public wants, *i.e.*, a return of Lord Rosebery to the active service of his Sovereign and country. Our photograph shows him in the attitude of watchfulness which will, no doubt, be his at Epsom to-day (Wednesday) week when Neil Gow is well ahead—one hopes, at the winning post.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G., K.T.

One of the first sportsmen in the world and owner of Neil Gow, a horse which is expected in many quarters to win the Derby next Wednesday. "Carbine," "The Bystander's" own racing specialist, strongly fancies its chance

a clear fortnight the existence of Neil Gow and Lemberg were well-nigh forgotten, but as the day of the Derby draws nearer the great question is revived with doubled intensity—which is the better of the two colts? People are taking it for granted that nothing but these two can play a leading part in this year's Derby. It is regarded simply as a pair-horse race. The possibility of the better one of the two losing the event seems preposterous, yet how many times have we seen even greater surprises in racing!

Mr. Waldorf Astor's Winkipop

Who will probably be favourite for the Oaks on June 3

Lemberg or Neil Gow?

A position of peculiar interest is the joint favouritism of Lemberg and Neil Gow. It is not as though they had never met before. We have already seen them twice in rivalry—once at Doncaster last season and the second time in the Guineas at Newmarket a month ago. The result was the same—the success of Neil Gow. And yet the opinion is very widely held that at the third time of asking Lemberg will wipe out his previous defeats. Could anything be more alluring and at the same time more puzzling to the racegoer? Neil Gow got home only by the barest of margins at Newmarket; still, he was in front at the right place, and his thick-and-thin admirers ask why he should not repeat the achievement next week. I happen to know that Neil Gow is now giving great satisfaction to his trainer, and my latest information is that he will again beat Lemberg providing he gives no display of bad temper, which would, of course, be fatal to his prospects at Epsom.

The Blue Riband of the Turf

Mr. Fairie has enjoyed his full share of racing successes, but he has never won the Derby. A year ago he was clearly unlucky not to have secured the world's greatest race, as Bayardo afterwards proved himself to be unmistakably the best horse of his age. Mr. Fairie, of course, won the St. Leger, yet even that highly important event does not compensate for the loss of the Blue Riband of the Turf. I wonder whether my readers know who first used this phrase in connection with the Derby. When Lord George Bentinck took up politics, and sold his string of racehorses, there was among them Surplice, who was destined to win the Derby of 1848. Lord George's chagrin at seeing the colt score in another man's colours was intense. "All my life I have been trying for this," he said, after the race, "and for what have I sacrificed it." Lord Beaconsfield offered some consoling remarks. "But you do not know what the Derby is," exclaimed the sportsman, with a "superb groan." "Yes, I do," answered the great statesman; "it is the Blue Riband of the Turf." Beaconsfield's happy expression has clung to the race ever since. If Neil Gow scores next week Lord Rosebery will win his fourth Derby—Ladas, Sir Visto, and Cicero having been his previous victors.

Photographs *Sport and General*

Sir William Bass's Maid of Corinth

Who is expected to run well for the Oaks, and may reverse the result of the One Thousand Guineas

The Oaks

On Friday week the Oaks will be another race of great interest. Winkipop won the One Thousand so comfortably for Mr. Waldorf Astor that at first glance it would seem improbable that she should be beaten at Epsom by any of those fillies which finished behind her at Newmarket. There is, however, more than a mere likelihood that Maid of Corinth will show great improvement. This filly belongs to Sir William Bass, and is superbly bred, being a daughter of Cyllene and that modern heroine of the Turf, Sceptre. Now, Maid of Corinth was distinctly off colour for some time before the One Thousand, and her trainer, Alec Taylor, hardly expected her to make a decent show in that race. As a matter of fact, the Maid was a good second. What will she do at Epsom when physically more capable of showing her merit? I think we can expect her to give Winkipop a harder race than before, and it would be a wonderful coincidence if the seconds in the Two and One Thousands were to win the Derby and Oaks respectively. On the Thursday at Epsom there promises to be a fine race for the Coronation Cup, which Bayardo is expected to win. Altogether, the first important meeting in the reign of George V. looks like being eminently attractive from the sporting standpoint.

OFF TO THE COUNTRY

RURAL RECREATION TO PRECEDE THE RESUMPTION OF THE TRAGICALLY INTERRUPTED LONDON SEASON

IDOL OF THE LINKS

It is the general opinion that, in place of the fatigues of the London season, men and women in Society will this summer enjoy the repose afforded by green fields and the healthy recreation of the various open-air sports followed in the warmer months. The contrast between the gloom of London and the natural beauty of the countryside is more than ever noticeable this spring. In the following pages some timely suggestions are made

BY EDGAR LANDER

How Shall We Spend a Seasonless June?

SOME RURAL REFLECTIONS

By F. G. AFLALO

Back to Nature

BY the sad event which has virtually removed a London "season" from the calendar, many families will be driven to the seashore or the country two months sooner than usual, and, since we are creatures of habit, those who are accustomed to the round of gaieties in Town may apprehend being hard put to it to know what to do in their novel surroundings. There is some reason in their anxiety, for, though famous on the racecourse and in the cricket-field, June is not popularly known as a month of field sports. We who live always far from the great city know the fulness of its long and lovely days, but the countryside is comparatively silent and deserted, since the woods resound with neither the music of foxhounds nor the clamour of guns.

The Otter's Month

Leafy June has a ripeness that comes between the somewhat fickle promise of May (which, this year at any rate, illustrated the old adage about not "casting a clout") and the sadder maturity of July. It should be spent near a river, for choice on Dartmoor or elsewhere in otter country, for the water-hounds are in full cry, and the fairy scenes that frame the hurrying drainage of the moorland make a noble setting for this ancient sport. It may lack the more virile glamour of November gallops over grass and ploughland, since men no longer hunt the sleek otter, as once they did, on horseback; but, as a summer sport, it offers a pleasant interlude when other forms of the chase are in abeyance, and it would be delightful, if only for its peeps of moorland torrents, with the hues ever changing in sunlight and shadow, the clear, cold water creaming iridescent over broken boulders, or gliding dark and mysterious beneath weeping verdure. Personally, I dislike apologies for sport, as they rarely ring true; but if any were needed for otter-hunting, it is abundantly furnished by the otter himself, a hardened hunter, a creature of rapine, who, so he be spared the gun and trap of the river-keeper, should ask no better than to be given a run for his life before the hounds, which, in fact, he more often eludes than not. I have been out with crack packs in Devonshire on many a sunny morning in June, and the number of finds that ended in disappointment, not to mention altogether blank days, was out of all proportion to the kills.

The Quiet Sail
(A snapshot at Teignmouth)

Angling in June

The angler is no friend to the otter, and is impatient of Ovid's philosophic injunction about enduring rivals. Therefore the otterhounds are the fisherman's good allies, though he may not always welcome them on the water on a morning when he wants to go a-fishing. June is the month of trout. The fly-fisher has a longer fishing day than in May. The fish, too, are heavier and stronger. There may not, perhaps, be the same fierce two-hours' rise as in the preceding month, but the discriminating fisherman knows that June is the better month of the two. Our summer must in any case be overshadowed this year, but there could be no more gentle way of spending it amid surroundings that contrast with the feverish gaiety of a London season than on a river's bank.

Sea Fishing

From the latter half of June, the unpretentious fisher of roach and other coarse fish may once again, if he so please, hold his rod over baited swims in Thames or Trent, though, with all due respect to the Mundella Act, I think this re-opening of the season premature. It is far better to give the carp and its kind another month or two to recover, and, lacking the skill or opportunity to pitch a dry fly after fat trouts, to go to the seashore, where, already in this month, the big bass are returning to their estuaries, and the grey mullet to their summer quarters in many a dock and harbour between the Foreland and the Land's End. The bigger bass, of eight or ten pounds, offer admirable sport in such an estuary as that of the Teign, and should be fished for with the lightest of tackle compatible with safety, while the grey mullet is so cunning and suspicious as to tax the skill and patience of the most enthusiastic. Fortunately, these two fish, the most desirable in English seas, are found together in most harbours and estuaries along the South Coast, and more sparingly some way up either side of England; and the dash of the one, with the guile of the other, should give the fisherman all the enjoyment he can reasonably ask of his holiday.

Rose in Glory

Even, however, if its opportunities for sport are not perhaps quite equal to those of the autumn months, June is the month of months out of doors. The garden and orchard are a dream of scent and beauty. Now is the greatest glory of what Mr. Stephen Phillips has called "the rich and purposeless rose." The grass has ripened to hay. The lambs have outgrown their heyday of irresponsible frolic; the sheep are sheared. Butterflies hold high carnival in every riding of the leafy woods, and, with Jefferies, we may give thanks for the glory of them as they float across our vision, for in the elusive beauty of

The Retreat to the Riverside

SOME PICTURESQUE SPOTS OF WHICH ONE HAS HEARD TELL

Marsh Lock : A Mile Up-Stream from Henley Bridge

Boulter's Lock

Below Cleeve Lock

Cleeve Lock, near Goring and Streatley

It is to the river and the less strenuous aquatic pursuits of punting, sailing, and canoeing that Londoners are flocking just now for their recreation. On the recent Bank Holiday the Thames was perhaps, the best patronised holiday resort in England

fritillary or clearwing we must find our solace for the loss of the primrose and daffodil that lent such colour to our woodland rambles in the earlier spring.

The Flowers in June

Now is the season for the gardener to show his mettle, but those who have an old-fashioned preference for the wild flowers of Nature's rearing may kneel beside the gentian and centaury and such modest terrestrial orchids as lurk in shady dells. If we walk along the shore

June Bass Fishing in a Deep Estuary

besides the cliffs of Kent, the horn poppy and wild wallflower will be out of our reach, but there are sweetbriar and late hawthorn within our grasp.

A Bass—11¼ lbs.—Caught by the Author of the Accompanying Article
(At Teignmouth)

Glorious Nights

The beauty of June is patterned in the fields and sung in every hedge. Withal, there is a latent undercurrent of sadness in its sunsets that will take no denial. It is, as it were, a faint and premature suggestion of summer's ending. The voice of the nightingale has broken. Its plumage is a little worn and faded, and so also is the foliage which hides its olive eggs. Thus, even in the midst of the roses, in the lingering twilights that merge in scented nights, comes the *memento mori*, the sobering reflection that summer cannot endure for ever, and that, ere we realise its loss, the iron grip of winter will once more be upon the land.

Kent or Homburg?

"The hills purify those who walk on them," sang Richard Jefferies. Who knows but that a shuttered and shattered London season may not mean a country-house season that shall render the autumn purgatory at Marienbad and Homburg unnecessary? Worse ordeals than a June and July outside the fifty-mile radius might be imagined. Take salmon fishing for example. Can't you hear the music of the weirs up whose water-fringed ledges the salmon will be leaping towards the spawning grounds? The blue-blooded lords might well try a tussle with the red lords of the rivers. Probably some of them will. I should not be surprised if there isn't a boom in salmon fisheries this summer, just as the country mansion market—the three months "let," legends and all, to the rich American—is likely to prosper. F. G. Aflalo.

Golf in Excelsis.

Golf will almost assuredly gain some of the patronage that the restaurant and ball-room loses. I hear that the professionals attached to the leading clubs outside London, those which cater more markedly for both sexes, are anticipating a much busier and more extended season than usually falls to their lot. Nor is the teaching of the overlapping grip to Mayfair maidens an unremunerative occupation. One may safely assume that hotels adjacent to country-side links will benefit by the exodus from town, and if their beds are not full their garages will be. I suppose, too, lawn tennis will regain some, if not all, of the more or less secluded popularity which made it in the 'eighties the most opportune excuse for garden parties ever invented.

The Saving in Clothes.

You need not dress up for tennis; white is conventional to both courts—the Royal Court and the grass court. The new science of croquet, which is now virtually lawn billiards, ought also to flourish as a garden game. Imagine the saving in clothes which a summer in the country would effect. All that the men would require would be comfortable old clothes, things that won't spoil—not too disreputable to endanger consciousness of self-respect, but sufficiently seasoned to free from all responsibility as to taking care of them. The return to the country, unexpected so early, will surely be welcomed by all. One cannot but regret the losses of the West-end tradesman that are inevitable, but he will have his reward in the grand revival of trade which will come when the Court is out of mourning. A. W. M.

Salmon Nets

Trophies of a Prince's Gun

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT'S LION HUNTING EXPEDITION IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

PRINCE ARTHUR AT HIS TENT WITH THE SKINS OF LIONS HE SHOT

Photographs *Topical*

PRINCE ARTHUR AND ONE OF HIS PRIZES, A FINE LIONESS

The Prince and his father, the Duke of Connaught, had magnificent sport in Africa on the recent royal big-game hunting expedition. The Prince returned before his parents and was in London when King Edward died. The Duke and Duchess, with Princess Patricia, returned just in time to take a last look at the features of the dead monarch

"EARLY SUMMER STEPS O

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY

N SPRING'S SWEET PRIME"

Y BY B. WARD-THOMPSON

A GREAT INSTITUTION

(*Vide Press*)

THE calm superiority at one time assumed by the Stock Exchange speculator towards those taking an intelligent interest in matters connected with the national sport of racing was as absurd as it was quite unjustifiable, and the gentlemen of Throgmorton Street have long ago realised that they had to deal with a very powerful competition in the turf.

The change in public opinion that has taken place in regard to racing matters generally, even within the last few years, is remarkable, and the great institution of Mr. D. M. Gant has had much to do with this change of opinion, owing to the straightforward policy at all times pursued, and the generous and up-to-date methods adopted.

Hitherto, unless a man actually visited the race meetings, he had no opportunity of making investments with any sense of security; but Mr. D. M. Gant, member of Tattersall's, of 25, Conduit Street, London, W., has done much to alter this state of affairs, and is chiefly responsible for the present enlightened and fair methods of business. It may here be stated that Mr. Gant is the only member of his profession ever singled out for inclusion in the gallery of celebrities represented by the famous *Vanity Fair* cartoons, and this accordingly proves his right to the title of "London's Premier Turf Accountant."

No. 25, Conduit Street, London, W.

Mr. Gant is an Investment Broker, with a status equal to that of the pillars of any Stock Exchange, and, therefore, sportsmen who take a live interest in racing and who desire that their business shall be placed in safe hands and their affairs treated confidentially, can have no hesitation whatever in dealing with him.

Even to those who regularly visit racecourses, the facility with which starting-price business can be carried on is most astonishing. Instead of bargaining for odds from the rails of the club enclosure or having to carry money to "put on" with someone to whom the customer is unknown, the whole can be concentrated and "placed" with one firm, and this is where Mr. D. M. Gant's service is of particular interest.

Mr. Gant's Private Office

All that intending clients require to do is to write for full particulars of his terms and conditions, and at the same time to produce evidence of their *bonâ-fides*. For many reasons business men may desire that their turf transactions shall be conducted with the strictest privacy, and in this case a *nom-de-plume* can be adopted.

There is a peculiar prejudice in this country against the receiving of cheques from a firm connected with racing. The reason of this need not be analysed here, but the drawer of many hundred cheques per week is alive to this somewhat astonishing fact; consequently the cheques for winning accounts are signed in a name that bears no trace of the identity of Mr. D. M. Gant as he always pays his cheques under an adopted name. The result is, a man may pay £500 he has received from his turf accountant into his bank and retain his reputation for being commonplace. This is truly a droll characteristic of insular and hereditary prejudice. However, be it said that from the client's point of view it has the additional advantage that it is not necessary to let clerks or secretaries know all one's sources of legitimate benefits, or there might be prying into one's turf transactions in the hope of following suit.

Filing Room

Despatch Office

Mr. Gant is also a private financier. He does a large amount of business in bill-discounting; it was not sought for, but as he said once, "It came my way, and I thought, why should So-and-So pay other people impossible rates when I have the money lying idle?" So Mr. Gant has quantities of "paper" locked up in sealed envelopes in his strong room.

He was the first recognised turf accountant to introduce the "no limit" condition, and it has always been his inviolable rule to pay the exact odds at which horses started without any of the usual deductions or charges made in the form of commission, etc. This "no limit" rule has proved a great boon to the stay-at-home speculator, and the Grand National of last year, won by Rubio at 66 to 1, and later the Derby, in which Signorinetta was successful at 100 to 1, are instances of the great advantages possessed by Mr. Gant's *clientele*. Readers of the sporting papers will doubtless remember the correspondence that followed Rubio's win, wherein the Press, without exception, led the public to believe that the horse was virtually unbacked, but Mr. Gant, in contradiction of such statements, and in proof of his assertion, requested the Editor of the *Sportsman* to forward from the offices of that paper large cheques (which he had drawn) direct to his clients, which the Editor courteously consented to do.

There can be no better informed man than the gentleman under discussion as regards anything appertaining to races where quotations appear in the papers, and which are commonly known as "Future Events." He is in direct communication with all the principal centres of sport, and he attributes his success in a great measure to having always laid fair and genuine prices. The holder of Mr. Gant's voucher may be assured that he is virtually the owner of a Bank of England note should the animal he has backed prove successful. It is an easy matter to arrange an account and participate in this advantageous "no limit" system, providing, of course, the application is *bonâ-fide* and the applicant a person of substance.

Telephone Room

From the offices of Mr. D. M. Gant, at 25, Conduit Street, London, W., is issued a handy little waistcoat-pocket "Sportsman's Diary," bound in red morocco, and so much sought after has this little volume been that in the present year alone it has run into a fifth edition, bringing the total issue up to 80,000. Upon written application it is sent free to ladies and gentlemen who contemplate placing business with Mr. Gant's firm.

A New Play at the Garrick Theatre

"THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW." REVIEWED BY "JINGLE"

THIS is a play of popular religious sentiment. It has doubtless been written in a spirit of real sincerity, and I should not be surprised to hear that it was as successful as any of the other productions of the same kind that have preceded it. Miss Gertrude Elliott plays the leading part with a fine enthusiasm that should awaken a responsive chord from popular audiences; and even critical students of theology may be willing to recognise in her philosophy the psychology of prayer reduced to its simplest expression. Miss Elliott takes the part of "Glad," a young girl in the slums, who is the consort of thieves and other desperate characters. "Glad" has been in the hospital as the result of a serious accident, and there her raw and untutored mind has imbibed enough of orthodox religion to enable her to remember the canonical precept, "Ask, and ye shall receive." The special application of this text, to the exclusion of all other qualifying injunctions, results, as is only natural, in a form of "religion" that is bound up by self-interest, and which is only to be respected in proportion as it yields immediately profitable results. Nevertheless, since "Glad's" influence is for the most part on the side of the angels, it will probably be conceded that the general tendency of the play is a wholesome one, especially as it undoubtedly answers Matthew Arnold's definition of religion—"morality tinged with emotion."

Photograph *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Gertrude Elliott

Who, as "Glad," the girl of the slums, in *The Dawn of a To-Morrow* at the Garrick, has made a marked success

IN the first act we are introduced to a millionaire—Sir Oliver Holt—who is threatened with insanity. His condition of despair is very ably presented by Mr. Herbert Waring, who contrives to inspire us from the start with a feeling of pity for the man confronted by so dreadful a fate. In the millionaire's library there is a consultation of specialists, with whose skill and wisdom the author, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, evidently does not intend to impress us. It may, at least, be hoped that the specialists have not been drawn from life. Only one of them seems to have anything like a fair grasp of the problem before him, and that is Dr. Heath, represented by Mr. James Hearn, who, as usual, dominates the stage for the few minutes during which he is before us. As the specialists are leaving their patient, apparently without hope for any amelioration of his condition, Dr. Heath comes back for a moment and asks the sufferer to accept a copy of—the Bible. This is, apparently, the clue to Mrs. Burnett's thesis, though that thesis is never at any time developed beyond the sphere of rudimentary emotion. But the gift of the Bible recalls to the ordinarily instructed observer all the highly developed modern methods of "ministering to a mind diseased"—from Christian Science to the less articulate practice of "faith cures." The millionaire's trouble has apparently got beyond the stage at which the conventional prescription of "change of scene" would have any beneficial effect. It is a psychological complaint that needs a psychological remedy, the only possible basis of which is Faith—or, in other words, a healthy optimism.

THE millionaire does not translate the message so hopefully, doubtless because the doctor is given no opportunity of explaining the practical application of his parable. Mrs. Burnett, while giving her theory the dignified setting of modern science, never rises beyond the crudest exegesis of Little Bethel. As, however, her play is apparently designed to appeal to the multitude, there is possibly shrewd wisdom in the method, since most people are accustomed to take delight in the sunshine without bothering to inquire as to its function or its real significance, and

A Famous Canadian Prima Donna

MADAME DONALDA:
FROM A PAINTING BY REGINALD WILENSKI

Mme. Donalda is giving a grand concert at Queen's Hall on the 27th inst. She will be assisted by the London Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Herr Arthur Nikisch. She appeared on the opening night of the Opera Season at Covent Garden, in place of Mme. Tetrazzini, who was indisposed

we have learned from the poet that "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." The millionaire, finding himself without hope, puts on a suit of worn-out clothes, and, with a revolver in his pocket, goes into the slums to end his life there, in the hope that after his death he will be referred to as some person unknown. It is in the slums that he meets "Glad," an unconscious exponent of the mind cure. She gives him, in spite of himself, a new interest in life, until by-and-by he is able to join in the pursuit of a heartless thief with all the zest and healthy excitement of the chase. The picture of the slums is very well presented. The curtain rises on a dense fog, quite a novelty in the way of scenery, and we are given to understand that this atmospheric condition is highly appreciated in "Apple Blossom Court," as the chief industry of the residents is picking pockets and robbery with violence on the King's highway. Indeed, when "Glad" begins to expound her principle of "asking" for good things, it seems only natural that the prompt suggestion of one of the thieves should be that she should "ask" for a continuance of the fog. "Glad," however, reserves her efforts for worthier cases. She has a friend, called "Dandy," a young man well known to the police, and of bad repute generally. The friendship is quite platonic, in spite of Dandy's persuasive tongue; but it is clearly ripening into a closer tie. Thus, when Dandy comes back to his old haunt, with the police after him on a charge of murder, he wants only to see "Glad," to ask her to believe that he is innocent, and then he will give himself up. "Glad" at first receives him coldly; but when she is assured that he was not at the scene of the crime at all on the fatal night, she welcomes him to her arms. She had "asked" that he might be led to turn back, and her prayer—the word which Mrs. Burnett shows a singular reluctance to use—has been answered. "Glad" then "asks" that when the police come to look for Dandy they may not find him, and that prayer is answered too. But in the interval there is a remarkable love-scene between the two outcasts. Mr. Henry Ainley and Miss Elliott take this scene with a really fine intensity. Their performance is one that stands out clear above everything else of merit in the production. I have seen nothing like it except in Paris; indeed, it reminded me much of the love-making of the usual stage *Apache* and his *Môme*. "Glad" has, however, other work to do besides confessing her love for her penitent friend. The police will want something more than his bare word to establish his innocence, especially as the confederates who have been arrested declare that Dandy is the guilty person. "Glad" therefore "asks" once more that the one man who saw Dandy on the fatal night may be induced to come forward and prove the alibi, and in due course she has the satisfaction of knowing that this will be done, although her exciting adventures in pursuit of the desired end occupy the whole of the third act and involve her in a good deal of personal danger when she calls at the flat of a notorious man-about-town some time after midnight. This gentleman is the nephew of the millionaire in the first act, and he is represented by Mr. Jameson Lee Finney, who contrives to assume very successfully the manner usually associated with stage villainy.

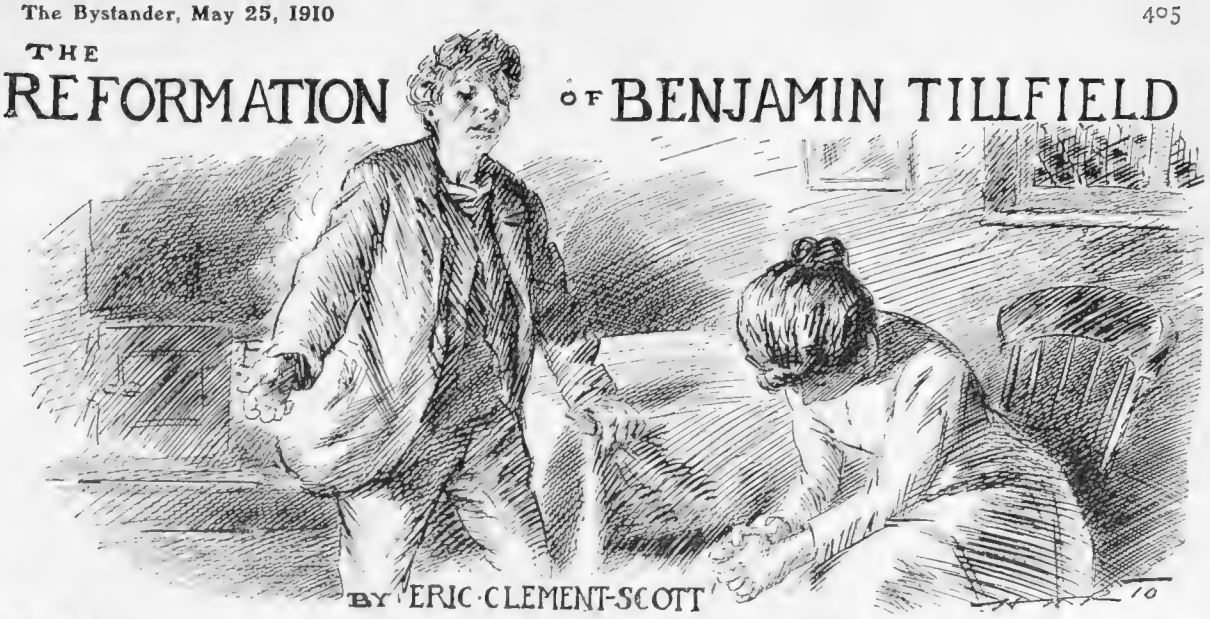
Photograph *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Henry Ainley

Who plays the part of "Dandy" in *The Dawn of a To-morrow*, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's new play at the Garrick

THE man-about-town, Mr. Oliver Holt, is well known to Dandy and "Glad," as it appears that he spends much of his leisure in Apple Blossom Court, not from any philanthropic motive, but in the hope of being able to persuade "Glad" to place herself under his protection. We are asked to believe that he will hesitate to say the word that will save Dandy from the scaffold because he apprehends that Dandy will take "Glad" from him. Hence "Glad's" nocturnal visit, which the villain, not unnaturally, perhaps, construes into consent on her part to pay his price for the favour he can grant her. Fortunately for "Glad" there is a telephone in the room, and while the villain is chuckling over the fact that he has locked the door, she is able to snatch the receiver and call for help with no uncertain voice. We need not stop to inquire how it is that "Glad" has learned to use a telephone so readily, because she seems to be a naturally clever girl with a very strong individuality. This, moreover, is a point that is not likely to be raised to any extent by the audiences to which the play is most certain to appeal. Among the residents of the slums, two parts in particular are extremely well represented by Miss Ada Dwyer and Miss Jane Comfort respectively, though it seems to me that the former lady errs a little from excess of zeal in decorating her features with a rather painfully clever imitation of a black eye. *The Dawn of a To-morrow* may well prove to be a popular success. JINGLE.

THE REFORMATION OF BENJAMIN TILLFIELD



BY ERIC CLEMENT-SCOTT

MARTHA HINCH'S cottage looked, in the snowy moonlit evening, as though it were posed for a Christmas-card artist. The blue shadows on the snow, the one-toned, clear sky pricked with sparkling stars, the delicate lace-work on the trees, the warm splashes of red from the mullioned windows, made up as seasonable a picture as one could have wished for.

Seasonable, too, in appearance, was the scene within, where a few of Martha's cronies lingered over hot spiced ale, which gave such relish to life in general and gossip in particular. A stranger peeping upon the scene, were he inclined to sentiment, might have found his heart swelling with tenderness over this idyllic picture of English country life. I say peeping advisedly, for had he lingered by the hearth to listen to the gossip his illusions would have been woefully shattered. Nothing could have been further removed from the seasonable spirit of peace and goodwill towards men than the gossip which cut through the fragrant atmosphere of spiced ale. For Martha's friends were smashing up the reputation of one Benjamin Tillfield in a fashion rendered the more vigorous and thorough by the temporary absence of their hostess from the room.

The village held that there was "something between" Benjamin Tillfield and Martha Hinch. This theory was credited so generally that Ben's friends dared not mention Martha to him, and Martha's friends observed the same reticence regarding Ben. Occasionally a bold spirit would break this rule, but never without being fully prepared for the possible consequences. The men kept a hand ready to guard; the women were all prepared with a stock of fluent disclaimers and a look of injured innocence.

To sit in a cosy cottage on a winter's night was good; to mouth tit-bits of scandal was good; but Mrs. Paramore, Mrs. Bedewell, and Mrs. Greenslade found the best relish in the fact that they were breaking one of the elementary rules governing the acceptance of hospitality.

So they spoke in whispers, and by common consent Mrs. Greenslade, the least ready of the talkers, was told off by warning looks to keep an eye on the door.

Mrs. Paramore had the floor.

"He's sunk 'bout as low's a man could. In drink day in day out, an' there's some say even worse."

The speaker hesitated, and glanced round cautiously. Instinctively the two other women bent forward and stared at Mrs. Paramore. They seemed to hang upon the words which were coming.

"Yes, some connects Ben's name with a deal worse than drink an' poachin'."

Again there was an oppressive silence.

"Lard of Heaven!" the tension suddenly snapped. "You don't mean that affair up at Squire's?"

Mrs. Bedewell's voice had a shrill edge of excitement to it, and ended off with a little shriek.

"You've hit it, Sue Bedewell." The speaker had caught the infection of excitement, and her voice rose harshly. "The story goes as Ben were in wi' the gang as robbed Squire's house."

"S—s—s—h!"

But the warning came to late.

The two women jerking round looked right into the blazing eyes of Martha Hinch in the doorway. But only for a moment. With wondering eyes, jumbled speech, and hands picking nervously at their gowns they waited for the storm to break. Mrs. Greenslade had shot to her feet. It gave a cue to the angry woman.

"Yes, you may go—all of you."

That was all she said. In dead silence the three women crept from the room. Martha Hinch stood like a figure of stone. The click of the falling latch roused her. With dragging steps she reached a chair, sank into it, and her handsome head, with its Spanish cast of countenance and fierce, strained expression of the mouth, drooped.

She sat on, heedless of the passing minutes. Through her mind passed pictures of Benjamin Tillfield—a panorama of their mutual acquaintance. It seemed as though no look he had ever given her was missing from the screen. Every word he had ever spoken to her rang in her ears.

Stage by stage in this mental play she followed his descent. First young, happy, confident—the worker; then ardent, passionate—the wooer; then white-faced, despairing—the rejected suitor; then reckless, defiant—the disappointed man. On and ever on the pictures whirred, every new one tracing a line on his face, giving more of a hunch to his shoulders, a fresh note of carelessness to his dress, more of a slouch to his gait, a more sullen glare in his eyes. Down and ever down, loafer—poacher—drunkard—felon! And all her doing. Because she would not——

She sprang to her feet, and dashed her hands across her eyes as if to shut out the visions. Then feverishly

(All rights strictly reserved)

she began to tidy up the kitchen, to put away the half-filled glasses. Her friend and co-worker, Mrs. Slogrove, with whom she shared the cottage, was away visiting friends, and she was alone in the cottage. When she had finished "reddying up" she opened the casement window and gazed out into the tender, mysterious blue of the moonlit snowscape. It was utterly still. Presently a disturbing influence made itself felt. Someone was breaking in on this dream of peace. She strained her ears and caught the soft crunch of footsteps in the snow. She peered out. The sounds came from a little clump of trees at a turn of the road. With a vague fear at her heart she waited for the wayfarer to come into sight. Over the hedge at the bottom of the garden a dark form loomed into sight.

Her heart stopped beating.

It was Benjamin Tillfield walking quickly, with purpose, towards her cottage.

Instinctively she drew back from the window, and, clutching the curtains, hid herself behind them.

Still hidden behind the curtain, she was calculating when he would be opposite the gate. Now! No, he must be passed, and she breathed almost freely, yet she felt a pang of fierce disappointment. A pause and a creak of the wooden gate. A moment's absolute numbness, the ebbing of all her feelings and faculties, and then life flowed swiftly back into her veins. With one hand she thrust back the curtains. With the other she opened the window.

"Ben," she called. "Ben, is that you?"

"Aye, it's me."

"What do you want, Ben, at this time o' night?"

"I want to speak to yer."

"Won't to-morrow do, Ben? I'm all alone here to-night, an' the neighbours——"

"Don't fash yerself about the neighbours. I've waited a purpose till them old gossipin' cats was well home. It's alone I want to see you. We have much to talk of, you and me."

"Please wait till to-morrow, Ben, I'm that tired," she implored.

"No. I've waited for too many to-morrows."

His tone was thick and half-strangled.

"Not to-night, Ben—please."

Her tone was quite gentle, but it roused him to fury.

"Yes, to-night," he shouted. "Unless you want to make me worse than I've been."

She caught her breath in a sob.

"You be crool, Ben."

He laughed harshly.

"Crool! How can *you* say that? 'Tain't allus the bad as is the most crool. But all this is better said inside. Mebbe it's the last time ye'll ever see me."

"Yer not goin' away, Ben. O, no, Ben, not that. I couldna bear to have yer go."

Her tones rang with anguish. She made a movement towards the door, checked herself, then flung herself upon the bolt. As they stood for the moment on the threshold gazing hungrily into each other's eyes they made a strikingly handsome couple.

Martha Hinch came from the West Country, where it is not uncommon to find people showing their descent from the Spaniards who settled in Cornwall in Tudor times.

Her air of a tragedy queen gave distinction to her features, and grief as yet had merely brushed away the bloom from her beauty.

In contrast to her was Ben, with his fair skin and tumbled yellow hair. His features had already commenced to grow coarse, but an air of boyishness still lingered about his rather refined, if weak-looking, mouth. At a single glance one could read the story of some scapegrace son of the gentry who had married or loved beneath him.

The warmth of the room brought on a slight fit of shivering. He was but ill-clad.

"You be cold, Ben," she said. "Come by the fire an' I'll hot up some of the ale for ye." Her movements betrayed a pitiable nervousness.

"Ah, it's junketin' ye've bin wi' them."

"They came to keep me company, knowing Marian was away visitin'."

"Aye, an' a fine gossip ye've had, I'm thinkin'. Nothin' good to say 'bout me, I'll be bound."

She turned round on him quickly.

"No there weren't. There were somethin' crool bad they said. I turned 'un out neck and crop for it. They said you was in wi' the gang wot broke in up at th' House."

"Dom them," he shouted, bringing down his fist with a bang on the table.

Her face cleared.

"O, Ben, I be that thankful as it ain't true."

"How d'ye know it ain't?"

"Ben!"

"Well, don't take on about it. It ain't true this time." Then he added morosely: "But it'll come to it in time—if you go on as you are wi' me."

She turned very white.

"I tell you I can't stand it," he cried; "it's making my life a hell and yours too. You think you're doin' the Lard's work, but it's the devil's."

She sat in silence, with head bowed and hands clenched in her lap.

"What duty do you owe him, that doddering beast up at th' Asylum? What did 'e do for you before they took 'im off? Half murdered you. An' if they ever let 'im out and he comes back to you he'll do the trick thorough this time. D'ye mind Sarah Beal's husband, as was let out cured?"

She shuddered and moaned slightly.

His fury turned swiftly to pity.

"Ah! Martha, dear. I've no call to frighten you. Only I gits desperate sometimes. 'Tain't only for myself I minds. If you was only happy I'd go to the dogs as I've been doin' ever since he came between us without carin' a scrap. But seein' you like this is more'n I can bear."

He leaned over her where she sat, and put a hand on her shoulder. She caught hold of his hand, and pressed it tight between hers.

"O, Ben, Ben! Never mind me, though 'tis sweet to hear you care so. If only I thought you'd pull up and go straight again, I'd be a happy woman."

"I could, Martha, I could."

Then she made a great sacrifice for the man she loved

She drew down his head to her breast so that he could not see her face.

"Ben, if I do what you ask, will you swear, as you love me, not to touch a drop of drink again?"

"Yes."

"An' to give up the poachin' and everything against the law."

"Yes."

(Continued on page 408)

"When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that . . ."—*Shakespeare's* "THE WINTER'S TALE."

MLLE. ANNA PAVLOVA

Prima Ballerina Assoluta of the Russian Imperial Opera, now appearing at the Palace Theatre

BY R. G. MATHEWS

(Continued from page 406)

"An' to go into reg'lar work an' stick to it?"

"Yes, if it be breakin' stones on the road. I swear it."

As he made his vows his arms had crept round her, and he held her fast. He buried his face in her hair.

"You will love me, Martha?"

"God forgive me, yes," she murmured.

. . . . . .

The Hon. Evelyn Peirse, largest landowner and dictator of the village of Britten Hatch, had something on her mind which disturbed her maiden slumbers in that lonely Tudor mansion, "The Grange." She was worrying over the reformation of Benjamin Tillfield. If the awful Miss Peirse had been as good a judge of her own motives and feelings as of other people's she would have discovered that she was annoyed that Benjamin Tillfield had found grace without consulting her upon the point.

Miss Peirse first heard the news of Benjamin Tillfield's reformation from Baines, her bailiff. Baines, who showed every passing emotion in his broad, rubicund face, appeared before his mistress one morning with the appearance of a man who had received a shock, as in very truth he had.

"What's up, man?" demanded that acute observer.

"Why, ma'am," burst out the excited bailiff, "darned—axin' yer pardon—blessed if Ben Tillfield ain't applied for work, reg'lar work, this marnin'."

To the delight of the bailiff he found himself the purveyor of news. Miss Peirse was evidently taken by surprise. But she belittled the news as she belittled everything in which she had no guiding hand.

"That idle, dissolute scamp. It's only a flash in the pan. He'll never stick to it. I hope you sent him to the rightabout, Baines."

"So I would have, ma'am, if it 'ad been the Ben as you and I knows. But such a change in a man I never did see in all my born days."

"Change! What d'you mean?" rapped out Miss Peirse. This, too, was news.

The bailiff's cup of joy brimmed over. His wildest flights of imagination had not carried him to the point of believing that his mistress had had no hand in the reforming of such a desperate character.

"Changed into a properly respectable hand, ma'am. He's shaved, washed, and spruced up as though he had lived honest for years. And when he asked for reg'lar work you could ha' knocked me down with a feather—so to speak, ma'am," he added as though the use of the illustration implied a levity of conduct on the part of his mistress foreign to her real character.

"And you gave him work?"

"Well, ma'am, I put him on to carter's work at the quarry. He's a good man with horses, is Tillfield, spite of his loose ways. If you think 'tis a risk I'm takin', ma'am, I'll soon have 'im out of the job."

"Not at all. You did quite right to give him a chance. We'll see if he keeps to his employment."

From that moment the Hon. Evelyn Peirse took an absorbing interest in Benjamin Tillfield.

But Benjamin Tillfield was not fated to progress far along the pleasant path of reform he had discovered for himself. Miss Evelyn Peirse was the instrument chosen to hurl the convert back into the slough of despond.

The mistress of "The Grange" was driving home late after a hunt ball when at a bend in the road hard by Martha Hinch's cottage the carriage pulled up with a jerk which almost precipitated her on to the opposite seat. There was a shout from her coachman and a curse from the road. The figure of a man jumped into the circle of light thrown by the carriage lamp.

It was Benjamin Tillfield, and he had evidently had a narrow squeak of being run over. The figure vanished, and the carriage drove on. Miss Evelyn Peirse breathed hard, as a person is apt to do when on the verge of a discovery.

When the carriage pulled up at the front door Miss Peirse put a question to her coachman.

"How did it happen?" she asked.

"Well, miss, the man turned out suddenly from Martha Hinch's gate just as I was making the turn."

"Did you see who it was?"

"No, miss." But the second's hesitation before the answer told Miss Peirse that her man was shielding a fellow-creature.

Then the Hon. Evelyn Peirse, for the first time, found herself hesitating to decide a question of ethics. She was not really as hard as people judged her. Moreover, she felt sincere pity for the muddle-headed morality of these two unfortunate people. If Benjamin Tillfield had been one of her own converts she would not have hesitated a moment. The fact that he had carved out his own scheme of reformation inclined her to feelings of admiration for him.

There was no real question as to which course of action Miss Peirse would take—the good name of her beloved village would have decided her if nothing else had—but it is to her credit that she hesitated before smashing up this pitiful romance. Wisely she went to the woman.

The interview lasted a long time, but when Miss Peirse emerged from Martha Hinch's cottage her victory—for she knew she had won a victory—gave her no sense of elation.

As for Benjamin Tillfield he lived in a fool's paradise until he saw Martha Hinch again.

The look in her face told him the story even before she sounded the death-knell of their romance.

"It's all up, Ben," she said.

He turned white, and then his face flushed with anger.

"Then that hell-cat——"

"Don't blame her, Ben. She's been as sweet as could be. If she'd bin different I'd a gone on as we have done and snapped my fingers in the face of the whole village, but she's made me see that it ain't right. I knew it all along in my heart of hearts."

The man went through every argument and form of persuasion, but to everything he said she repeated piteously:

"'Tain't right, Ben, 'tain't right."

Hardest of all to bear in this her hour of trial was his tenderness, his agonised appeal for her love.

It was almost a relief when anger gripped him, and with a fierce volley of oaths he flung out of the cottage.

A vague terror seized her that he would do something desperate.

"Ben," she called after him, but not very loudly, for her strength was almost spent.

He either did not hear or did not heed the call.

Her instinct was right, for Benjamin Tillfield left the cottage with murder in his heart.

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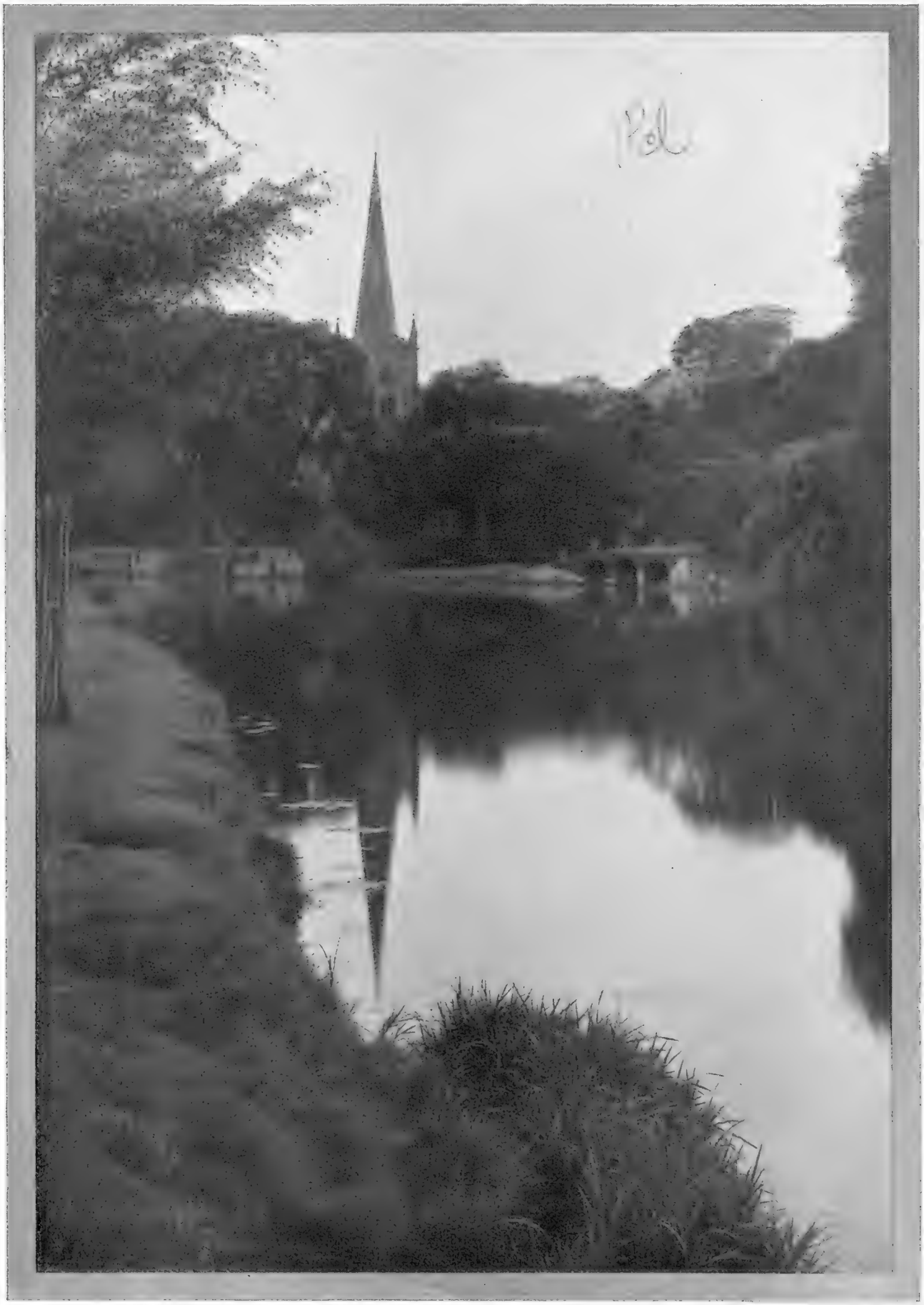
(Continued on page 410)

Summer Eve by Avon's Marge



STRATFORD CHURCH ON THE BANKS OF THE AVON

BY B. WARD-THOMPSON

(Continued from page 408)

On the afternoon of Boxing Day a crowd of men and women streamed through the big gates of the Midlandshire Asylum. They were the friends and relatives of the patients who had obtained permits for one of the great visiting days of the year. Among them was Benjamin Tillfield.

He walked alone, and appeared outwardly unconcerned, but there was black purpose in his heart, and the hand in his overcoat pocket closed lovingly round a huge clasp-knife.

The rage which had possessed him when he flung out of Martha Hinch's cottage was no transient passion. His whole being seemed to vibrate with hate against the world. Bitterly he reviewed his life. He had started well enough, with an incentive to get on in life and an enthusiasm for his work as strong as any man's. But from the black day when Martha Hinch had told him, as gently as possible, of her choice between Hinch and himself everything had appeared to go against him. He had struggled with all the strength he possessed in him against the tide of unhappiness, but it proved too strong for him. His forces spent he had just drifted down the stream. Then came a temporary check, and wildly and desperately he had clutched at the chance of happiness held out to him. That, too, had proved but a straw. He was a doomed man.

The world and its ridiculous laws which bound a woman to an idiot husband had doomed him. Fortified by the love of Martha Hinch he could have lifted up his head and faced life bravely again. He had actually done so. Now she had been taken from him again. And the second parting was infinitely more bitter than the first.

Upon leaving Martha's cottage he had sped round his old deserted haunts, a soul in torment.

What should he do?

It was many hours before an idea occurred to him, an idea so glorious that he stopped short and laughed aloud in triumph. His laugh rang weirdly in the lonely wood. He was miles from home, and the sweat was streaming from his face when he sat on a fallen tree to think out the details of his great scheme.

The world had beaten him to the ground with one of its cruellest laws. He would have a final smack at the world before he left it. He would break the greatest of the world's laws, and at the same time set free the woman he loved.

The thought of killing Hinch caused him not so much as a tremor. The man was a useless encumbrance to the earth, and he would have no more compunction in removing him than he would in killing a mad dog.

As the day for the deed approached Tillfield grew more and more calm and collected in spirit. It was a strange peace which had settled upon him. He felt like a lost traveller, who after many weary hours stumbles upon the right road and sees in the distance the faintly outlined roofs and spires of his haven before him.

And now he was upon the threshold of his journey's end. Tillfield's hand tightened upon his clasp-knife as he walked up the long drive through grounds as beautifully kept and tended as a private park. His heart commenced beating faster as he caught sight of a small, straggling group of patients flanked by attendants. They had returned from a walk over the downs outside the asylum by a path which intersected the drive.

The attendants in front, to prevent their charges mingling with the visitors, called a halt at the junction of the roads.

The little party of patients numbered no more than twenty, and Tillfield, walking slowly past them, swiftly searched the group of faces, vacant, wandering, without light on them, for his victim.

Hinch was not among the slouching, stooping, drab-clothed figures.

Tillfield, with a muttered curse, continued his way along the drive to the front of the asylum. He passed through the big hall, along a corridor to the Visiting Hall. He sat down on a bench, and waited for his turn with the permit in his hand.

Presently an attendant approached him.

"Name?"

"Benjamin Tillfield."

"Is that who you've come to see?"

"No. Robert Hinch."

"Ah!"

The man glanced at him keenly, and examined the permit.

"Follow me, please," he said shortly.

Tillfield rose from the bench.

"Don't I see him in here?" he asked.

"As a rule, but the Superintendent would like to see you first."

"Is that the boss?"

"Yes."

"What's he want me for?"

"You'll see."

Tillfield followed with a vague feeling of alarm as though these people had wrested his secret from him. He went on mechanically. Presently he was facing a grey-haired gentleman with a stern face, relieved by kindly eyes. He looked very grave.

"The man to see Hinch, sir," said the attendant, and stood back. Tillfield advanced into the room.

The Superintendent pushed back his chair from the desk at which he sat.

"Are you a relative of George Hinch?"

"No, sir, only a friend." The word seemed to stick in his throat.

"I regret to say I have very painful news to communicate to you. Hinch, in a fit of suicidal mania, took his life early this morning."

"He's dead already!" gasped Tillfield.

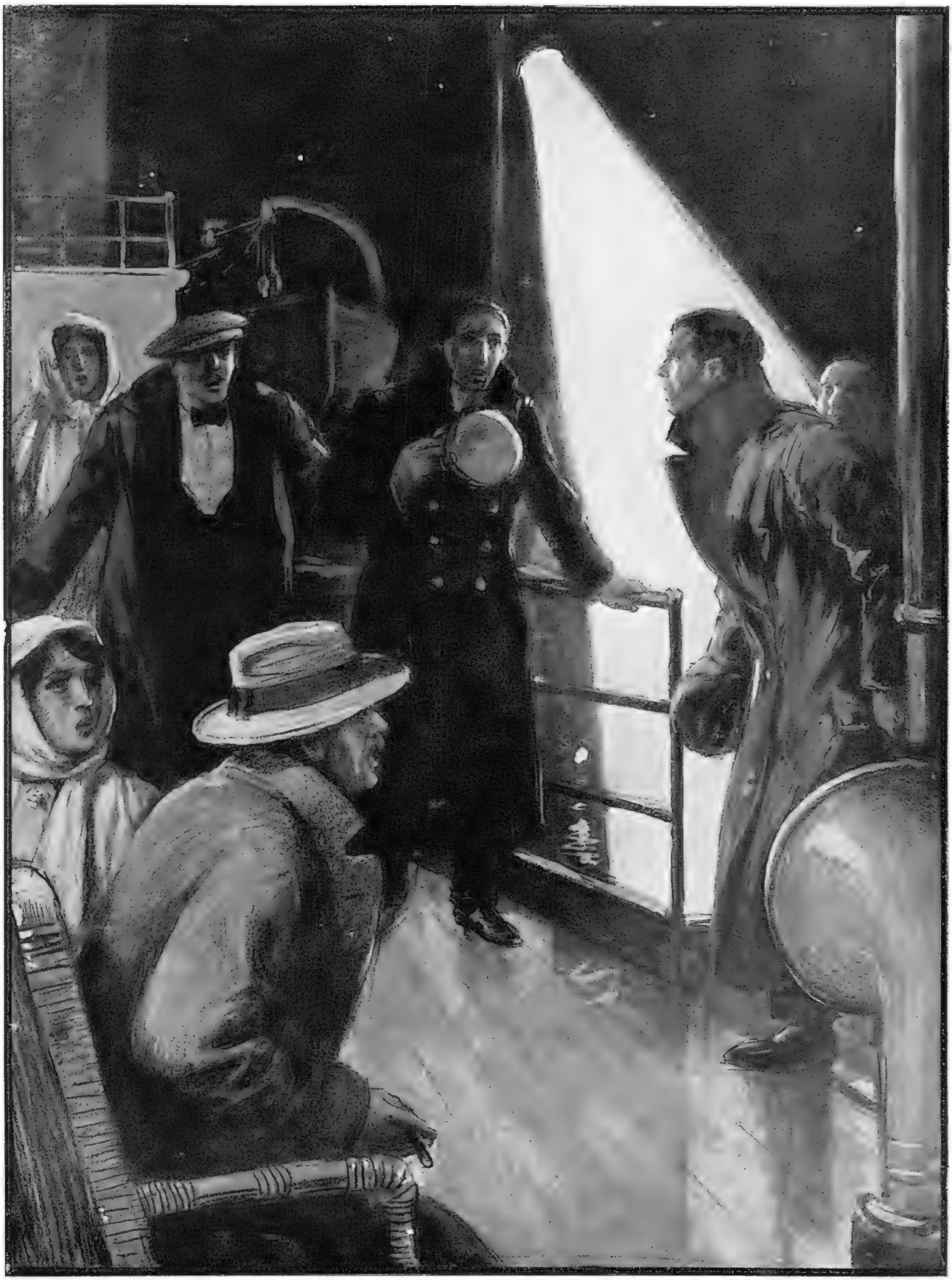
"Quite dead, poor fellow. He threw himself from the window of the ward into the airing court below. This is one of those rare cases which defy all the precautions we take. Every patient with suicidal tendencies is subjected to the closest watch by an attendant night and day. Unfortunately, this morning the locks on one of the windows in Hinch's ward was undergoing repairs. When the attendant's back was turned Hinch, who had great physical strength, dashed the man aside who was repairing the lock, broke the bar, and before he could be seized flung himself out of the window."

But not a word of this explanation had reached Tillfield. When he had grasped that Hinch was dead everything grew dim and misty. The room, the doctor, the attendant seemed to disappear. The whole world was blotted out, leaving a vision which lighted up his whole being like a great white flame, the vision of Martha Hinch, in all her sweet, troubled beauty.

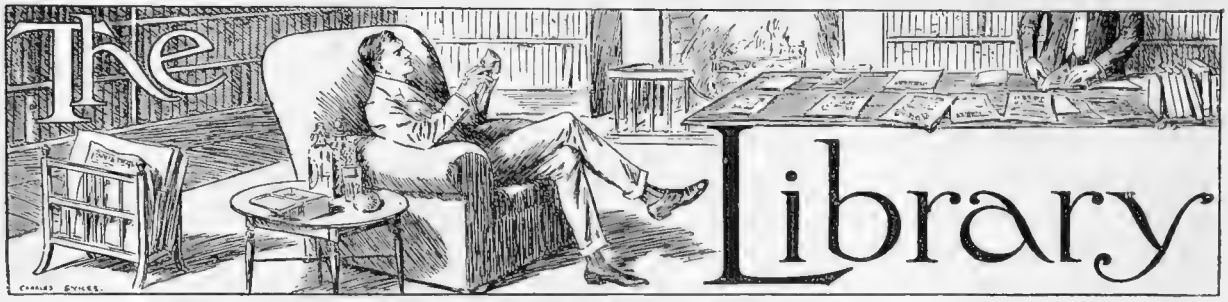
ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT.

"The King is—Dead!"

THE PILOT BREAKS THE NEWS TO THE PASSENGERS OF AN OCEAN LINER



The sad news of the death of the King did not reach the passengers on the liner by which Mr. Norman Morrow, "The Bystander's" Special Artist, who was returning from the Canaries, travelled till the pilot came on board near Liverpool. The dramatic moment when the pilot stepped on deck and with uncovered head announced the nation's loss is admirably depicted above by Mr. Morrow



A New Wells Serial

In the May *English Review*, Mr. H. G. Wells begins a serial story which bids fair to equal, if not to surpass in subtle psychological interest, both *Ann Veronica* and *Tono-Bungay*. It is called *The New Machiavelli*, and the opening chapters are devoted to the analysis of the youthful impressions of a man who, we are told in the preface, subsequently becomes a statesman. The story looks like developing into something particularly profound, which will fascinate those who like the psychological novel, and who admire—as I do—the latter-day developments of Mr. Wells's really remarkable talent.

In the earlier days of this *Review*, by the way, one looked forward rather to the Editorial notes, "The Month," which dealt with affairs political from the rather antiquated point of view of the Gladstonian Liberal. One read strangely idealistic criticisms of our foreign policy and lamentations over its modern degeneration which were agreeable, because novel. Now—since the change in editorship—our Liberalism has become the strong meat of the party gospel, for Messrs. Asquith, George and Co. are now the correct thing, and save that the Editor uses, at every few lines, phrases which require a glossary to aid understanding, one might be digesting one's *Chronicle* or *Manchester Guardian*, so right are the Liberals and so uniformly wrong the Tories.

Party Politics in the Wrong Place

Some silly people, perhaps, will protest that hack party politics are out of place in the monthly literary review. They may object that it is not right therein to reason upon such entirely disputable hypotheses as that the Conservative party is composed of the "capitalistic and propertied classes under the leadership of one man who absolutely controls the Second Chamber." They will deny *in toto* the truth of the description, and they will stigmatise as obviously false the statement that "for years Mr. Balfour has been able, with a smile, to clog and frustrate all Liberal legislation," for disproof of which they will refer the writer to the Statute Book of the last four years. The same gentleman will be accused of possessing a mind warped by prejudice, and, therefore, unfitted for the task of writing the philosophical reflections one looks for in these pages.

Of course, the Editor may regard such opinions as valueless. He may, however, think it worth while, before penning his next set of notes, to remember that, for what they are worth, they exist.

The Political Nonconformist

Violet Tweeddale has given us a powerfully written novel in *Hypocrites and Sinners* (John Long: 6*s.*). Stephen Gladsmuir is a living example of that all too common type of Nonconformist minister who blends his religious teachings with much of politics. Possessed of the power of oratory, he is a living force on the side of Socialism, and the leaders of the Socialistic movement are not slow to grasp this fact and make the most of him. Starting his ministry with noble ideals and the desire for the amelioration of the lot of the people, Gladsmuir is gradually obsessed by his ambitions until be becomes nothing more than a political speaker. In striking contrast to him are his saintly wife and common-sensed daughter, Harmony, who plainly see that when religion is allied with politics the former is bound to suffer. I believe there are many who will agree with Harmony Gladsmuir that "if politics were honest they would be interesting; as they are rankly, frankly dishonest they are an abomination." In the characterisation of the book the author is singularly happy, and many interesting types may be met with in the perusal of its pages.

A Book on Lawn Tennis

There are a good many books of instruction on lawn tennis: but a book on lawn tennis for women by a woman is quite a novelty. In *Lawn Tennis for Ladies* (Methuen and Co.: 2*s.* 6*d.* net), Mrs. Lambert Chambers, formerly Miss D. K. Douglass, a player who has been before now, and may be again, lady champion of England, has tackled a task which is evidently congenial to her with no little ability, and has managed to make the result of her labours interesting as well as amusing. Recognising that no two players play quite alike, she has not dealt at too great length with the actual making of the various strokes, but, without neglecting this branch of her subject, she has given more particular attention to general advice as to how to set to work to correct one's faults and improve one's game, and her chapter on "practice and how to improve" is about the best in the book. Some interesting illustrations and some personal reminiscences of the authoress herself go to make up a thoroughly readable half-crown's worth.

Swiss Alpine Flora

Alpine Flowers and Gardens (Messrs. A. and C. Black: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is an attempt to present, in word and picture, a broad and general view of the Swiss Alpine Flora in its wild home and in the gardens established for it in the Alps. It is an attempt to break away from the mass of specialist literature on the subject, and to depict not merely something of the floral wonders themselves, but something also of the unique and fascinating atmosphere which surrounds them—something which will appeal both to those who know the Alps and to those who know only of them. Both letterpress and pictures are by G. Flemwell and certainly deserve praise.

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

His Late Majesty as a Patron of Golf

It seems but fitting that on this occasion, the first available, since the tragic blow which has fallen upon us, I should speak of our beloved lost King and the ties which bound him to our game. His Majesty was, in the best sense of the word, an all-round sportsman. I do not mean that he had any special proficiency in any particular sport or game. The claims on his time were too many and too insistent for that. But he was interested in all the sporting and athletic pursuits of his subjects. He showed this not only by his own participation in all the sport of the typical Englishman, but by his kindly patronage of many games in which he but rarely indulged. A conspicuous instance of this was his connection with the game of golf. So early as 1863, just after his happy marriage to that gracious and lovely lady to whom all hearts have gone out in deep and loving sympathy, the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews approached the Prince of Wales and asked him to become patron of the Club.

His Captaincy of St. Andrews

I take the liberty of quoting an extract from the late Mr. Everard's "History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews," which gives an account of this transaction so auspicious for the Premier Club. The minute in the Club records is as follows: "Understanding that your Royal Highness has some knowledge of, and considerable proficiency in, the ancient and noble game of golf, we humbly crave your patronage to our Royal and Ancient Club, where the game is played over ground superior to any other in Great Britain." This extract formed part of an address of congratulation to the Prince on his marriage, to which Lieut.-General Knollys replied, "conveying his Royal Highness's thanks for the congratulations and signifying the pleasure it would give the Prince to become Patron of the Club." Later on intimation was given to the Club that the Prince had signified his intention of becoming Captain of the Club. In lieu of the usual silver ball a golden one was attached to the silver club to mark the year of his Captaincy.

His Interest in the Game

I am not aware that His Majesty ever visited St. Andrews or took part in a game there, but I think that he played at Musselburgh during the period when he was a student at Edinburgh. In later years he took a keen interest in the game, both at Homburg and at Biarritz during his periodical visits to those places, and showed in that kindly and genial manner which so endeared him to his subjects that both playing and watching the game pleased him.

One of his last acts just before leaving for Biarritz a few months ago was his visit to the Eltham Golf Club. Golfers have, indeed, in common with all his other subjects, lost not only a beloved King, but a kind friend. They have not been slow to show this by every possible means in their power. Wherever the game is played there have been heavy hearts and deep grief at the loss of one who embodied for them the ideal type of the perfect gentleman and true sportsman.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Photograph *Dixon*

Golf at Walmer: Ben Nicholls Playing to the Fourth Green

Two interesting professional matches were played on the Walmer and Kingsdown Club's course on May 15. In the morning, J. H. Taylor, the champion, and W. Horne, the long driver, of Chertsey, played a four-ball foursome against Tom Ball, of Bramshot, and Ben Nicholls, the local "pro," and in the afternoon the same couples met in an ordinary foursome. In each case the result was a halved match

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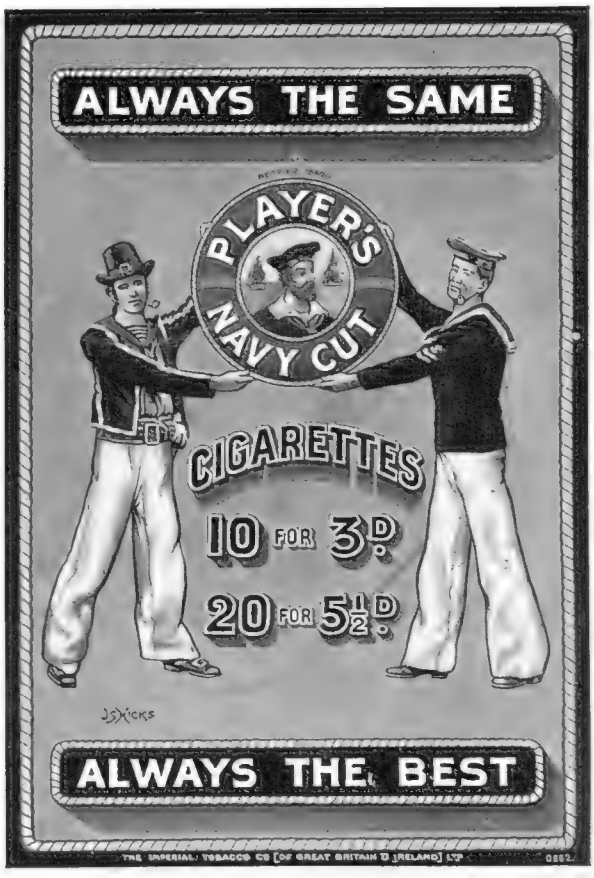

The HUMBUG OF COUNTY CRICKET

Photograph *Sport and General*

C. B. Fry

The well-known cricketer and ex-captain of Sussex County, who has just written an article, entitled "The Humbug of County Cricket," which has electrified the cricket world

A Warning From C. B. Fry

THE article by C. B. Fry in the current issue of the magazine which bears his name, entitled "The Humbug of County Cricket," seems to have taken people rather by surprise. The habit of believing that all must be for the best in the best possible of all worlds is nowhere more prevalent than in the world of games, and for a man like Mr. Fry, whose name is a household word in first-class cricket, suddenly to come forward and assert boldly that county cricket is riddled with humbug, is calculated to cause some consternation. And yet why should it? For, after all, Mr. Fry is only giving expression, in black and white, to a vague feeling of uneasiness and discontent which everyone who has the welfare of cricket at heart has felt for some time past, but has resolutely stifled in deference to the prevailing habit which I have just mentioned. Mr. Fry's indictment is made up of two main counts—(1) that the County Cricket Clubs are a sham, and (2) that the County Championship is a sham. The county clubs, he says, are not representative of county cricket at all. They are just organisations carried on for the purpose of running the county team, and their members consist, apart from the amateurs who play in the team, of men who join not in order to play cricket, but so as to have a comfortable seat in the pavilion from which to watch the county matches; while the team itself, so far from being drawn from the clubs in the county, is made up of players, both amateur and professional, who (with a few exceptions here and there) have never had any genuine connection with the club cricket of the county which they "represent." Local patriotism of a genuine kind, he contends, will never rally solidly to such teams as it would to far less skilful teams genuinely representative of the cricket of a county. In the second place, Mr. Fry tells us, the County Championship is a farce. It is a faked-up creation of the newspapers, fostered by them to suit their own ends, because it appeals not to the true follower of cricket, but to the man in the street, who gets his cricket through the medium of the daily Press. It supplies, as he says, a plot-interest which would otherwise be absent. Finally, he condemns as another piece of humbug the ruinous expense of county cricket caused by the maintenance of highly paid professionals, which, of course, is rendered necessary by considerations of "gate." His conclusion is that county cricket must be made independent of "gate"; that it must be run at a less cost; and that the county clubs must consist, not of "season-ticket" members, but of *bonâ fide* cricketers who would join their county clubs if the teams were less pretentious and more representative of county cricket.

What is County Cricket Coming To?

Personally, I am delighted that Mr. Fry has had the courage to say what he thinks. Whether the condition of affairs is one that admits of being remedied in the way he suggests is open to doubt, but at any rate the longer things go on on their present lines the more difficult will the remedy be to apply. The truth is that every season the condition of county cricket is becoming more and more like that of professional league football, which, as far as its representative character is concerned, is a gigantic fraud. Professional football, as we all know, supplies a want. It is a recognised form of public entertainment, partly spectacular and partly journalistic, and the clubs that take part in it are run (in most cases as limited companies) with the avowed object of making money. Their teams, composed of hirelings drawn from all parts of the kingdom, are not representative, in any sense, of the town or locality whose name they bear. County cricket, as Mr. Fry's article only too clearly indicates, is tending in the same direction. It is true that the county clubs are not run avowedly as money-making concerns, but they have to make both ends meet, and the question which underlies all the various schemes of county cricket reform is really how county cricket can be made self-supporting. Mr. Fry supplies one answer to that question. The other involves a still greater approximation to the methods of league football management. County cricket has already proceeded some way along the path which leads to this, and it must either retrace its steps or go on; it cannot stay still. Which is it to be? Let us hope that Mr. Fry's eye-opener has not come too late.

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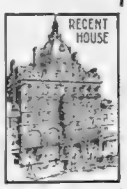

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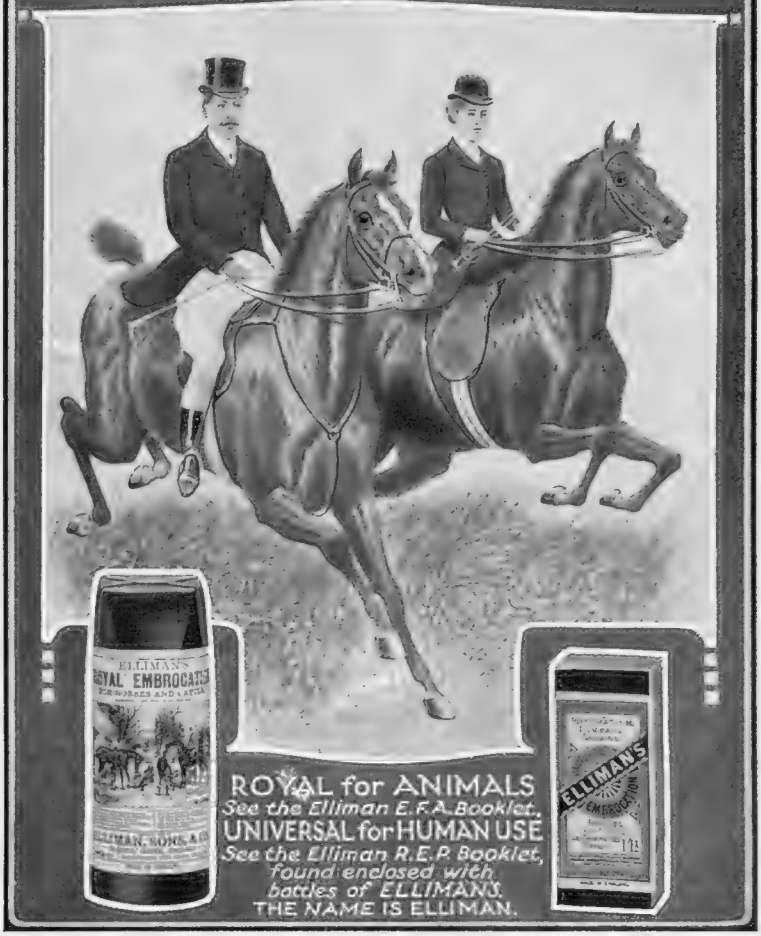

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The National Game and the National Mourning

WHITSUNTIDE CRICKET AT LORD'S: MIDDLESEX v. KENT

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California now has a track of its own apparently possessing speed possibilities. Bragg, on a Fiat, has already established a new world's record. The illustration shows judges' stand, timing box, and score board, with cars ready for the fifty-mile handicap

On "Getting There Second"

To "get there second," as the Editor pointed out with much pertinence the other week, has come to be inscribed upon our banners. That, for a people whose pride has always been to be in the van, is, at the first blush, depressing. It shears much glory from our annals, and robs the poor poet of many golden opportunities. But although the spade of the pioneer is a hallowed tool, it is not invariably the pioneer who profits by the spade work. Columbus discovered America for Spain, but the "get there seconds" are in possession. The bones of the first man are strewn around the world, but they who merely followed the blazen trail sit in fat content under the banyan trees. The pioneer paints every page of history with noble pigments, but the "get there seconds" buy the book. From the commercial point of view, it is the man who gets the business who counts. His position in the queue of progress doesn't signify. And we are a commercial people.

The Penalties of the Pioneer

The editorial article referred to was inspired by the fact that Grahame-White was asleep when Paulhan set off after the *Daily Mail* prize, and all the British pluck and tenacity of White were impotent to remedy that initial and characteristic somnolence. It is true. It is proof positive also that sometimes the spoils are to the first man. But in this matter of aviation there is an under side to the shield. The foreign pioneers have had the first pickings, but they have also had the penalties. The roll of the honoured dead is made up entirely of those foreign competitors of ours. And besides, first fruits are not main crops. The Continental automobile manufacturer broke the ground, did a tremendous deal of experimental work, had some of the plums, and are still picking. But the British manufacturer, sluggish in starting action, comes in at last upon a largely cultivated soil, adopts the results of the spade work of others, and proceeds to equal, and sometimes better, his instruction. Inglorious probably, but sound enough as business.

The Awakening of J. Bull

In aviation the same method is being followed. We are coming in for the main crop. It is by no manner of means ripe yet, and the bag (I'm afraid the metaphors are not altogether unmixed) is at present principally to the advantage of the Continental manufacturer and flyer. There are, however, quite healthy indications that we are not disposed to allow even the immediately attainable spoils to pass undisputed into the possession of others. In the few months which have elapsed since Blackpool and Doncaster, when our representatives mainly flopped around in impotence, we have produced quite a considerable army of actual aviators, most of whom are probably infinitely better trained and equipped than our best man of nine months ago. Some of them have been giving excellent accounts of themselves and their machines in Continental contests—Capt. Dickson, on a Farman biplane, taking £720 out of a total prize money of £1,480 at the Tours meeting just concluded, for example—and we have substantial reason for the faith that is in us that, by the time of the Bournemouth meeting in July, we shall be well up in the final placings. Get there second if that is as it must be, but—get there. And having arrived we can at least rely upon the constitutional tenacity to hang on.

In Terror of Trusts

The talk of a motor combine need not distress us. According to the impression conveyed by one section of the lay Press, a trust already had motordom by the throat. On the other hand, a section

3 YEARS' GUARANTEE.

UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED

The Smartest, Fastest, Most Silent Car at the astonishing price of £175

4-cylinder, 15-18 h.p., Chassis, with Magneto.

Empress (Regd.) Body - £45

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BEDFORD MOTORS, LTD.,
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Here is a Razor men love. The

CLEMAK 5/-

Safety Razor

"Why pay a Guinea?"

You cannot get finer razor steel, whatever you pay. There's nothing intricate in a CLEMAK—nothing unnecessary or fanciful to run up the cost. That's why you can get a CLEMAK for

5/-

Ask your dealer for a CLEMAK.

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CLEMAK Blades can be stropped and will last for years.

The 5/- Outfit

Comprises Silver-Plated Frame, handle and stropping attachment, with seven perfect CLEMAK Blades in silk - lined wooden case.

CLEMAK STROPPING MACHINE (INCLUDING STROP) 3/6

CLEMAK Booklet Post Free.

CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, Billiter St., London.

A BICYCLE OF MARVELLOUS VALUE.

Hitherto it has been impossible to obtain a

PREMIER HELICAL

for less than £10 10s. This season it is offered at the low price of £8 15s., and it is really a wonderful bargain. The most important feature of the model is the fact that it is made of Helical Tubing—a speciality of the Premier Company. This tubing is ***three times*** the strength of the weldless tubing usually employed, and, in addition to being the very acme of strength, gives to the machine a smart and distinctive appearance.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and particulars of Easy Terms.

PREMIER CYCLE Co. Ltd., COVENTRY

London Depot:
20, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.
Bournemouth Depot:
64, HOLDENHURST ROAD.

AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

of the technical Press would desire us to believe that the idea of the projected organisation was born in the brain of benevolence with the principal, if not the sole, object of benefiting the suffering motorist. Neither is true. If the new organisation gets itself created, it *will* be a combine—of manufacturers and dealers, in the interests, primarily, of the trade. In a second sense it may benefit the motorist; but it will not, because it cannot, at present, injure him. It is a perfectly legitimate trade action, designed chiefly to protect the retailer by the elimination, if possible, of the "price-cutter"—the "price-cutter" being the trader who sells below the retail price which the manufacturer sets upon his goods. It is obvious that the "cutter" cuts other things beside prices—the throat of the other retailer, for example. The manufacturer says the retailer is necessary to the distributing side of the business, and must be protected—which is quite true. The retailer or agent is also necessary to the comfort and convenience of the motorist on the road. The "price-cutter" never has a depot in those remote places where motorists usually require help. If the "cutter" cuts the throat of the retailer, the latter is not worth much as a help to the motorist. He ceases to exist because his principal means of living have been taken from him. Therefore, although the motorist may benefit a little from the low prices of the "cutter" in the shop, he loses on the road."

P. G. R., THE POPULAR MOTOR SPIRIT OF THE SEASON. Suits any make of car and is obtainable at all leading garages.—Write for nearest depôt and particulars to PETROLES DE GROSNYI (RUSSIE), 101, Leadenhall St., E.C., or 94, Market St., Manchester.

Acrosticature Competition.

The weekly Prize of ONE GUINEA for the best acrostic on the name of Churchill has been awarded to

Mr. A. HATCHARD, 55, Campden House Road, Kensington,

Who sent in the following:

Canst **H**ear **U**s, Randolph?—**C**all **H**im **I**nto **L**ine, **L**ad!

HONOURS LIST.

FIFTEEN MARKS HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO THE FOLLOWING:

Miss A. V. Collins, Mrs. R. Huggins, Mr. E. T. Hardman, Mr. B. Croom Johnson, Mr. E. C. N. Palmer, Major H. Walters, R.A., Mr. W. M. Macdonald, Dr. Duncan Grey, Mrs. Hildyard.

TEN MARKS HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO THE FOLLOWING:

Miss Maxwell-Heron, Miss N. Sanders, Mr. A. Hatchard, Miss E. J. Hughes, Lieut. A. Clark, R.N., Lieut.-Col. Vans Agnew, Dr. Duncan Grey (2 attempts at 10 marks each).

FIVE MARKS HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO THE FOLLOWING:

Mr. Norman S. Holland, Major M. F. McTaggart (2 attempts at 5 marks each), Mrs. Grant, Mr. B. J. Airy, Mr. A. S. Lucy, Mrs. Vaughan Lewes, Mrs. J. Williamson, Captain L. Smith, Mr. Edward Lowry.

The Editor has decided, in view of the continued abstention from political matters, to postpone for yet another week the next of the series of Acrosticatures. In our issue of June 1 (Derby Day Number) we shall, however, invite our readers to attempt an acrostic on the name of a statesman who will be at that time, we believe, very prominent in the public eye.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square) London, W

Famous for over a Century for Taste for Quality for Value

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READY-TO-WEAR

Many of our newest ready-made frocks are made from soft wide width Foulards. The latest models are made in one piece with turn-down collars and short skirts caught in at the back. The designs are, as a rule, quite small and are mostly in black and white, white and black, mauve and white, and pretty shades of grey, and grey and white.

FOULARD FROCK

(*as sketched*), in good quality black and white, white and black, mauve and grey, and coloured figured Foulards, turn-down collar, finished with bow at neck.

69/6

DUST COATS

We have a large and varied stock of Gentlemen's DUST COATS of smart and practical design, made in the finest materials, at prices from

7/6 to 5 Gns.

MADE BY ENGLISHMEN IN OUR OWN SHOPS

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GLASGOW: 72, St. Vincent Street.

MANCHESTER: 88, Cross Street.

"THE KIND THAT LASTS."

"THE KIND THAT LASTS."

Rival
Tyre
Manufacturers
admit
that it is impossible
to improve upon the
1910 Improved Construction

Continental Tyres

Motorists who have
tried them on
rough roads
declare them to be

"The Best Thing on Wheels."

Why not therefore have the best, especially when they cost no more than inferior makes?

"THE STUDS KEEP IN."

"THE STUDS KEEP IN."

Read our Booklet concerning the latest type Rubber Non-Skid Improved Cycle Tyre, free on request.

CONTINENTAL TYRE & RUBBER CO.
(Great Britain), Ltd.,
102-108, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

THE GENTLE ART OF EASY WALKING

is Nature's short cut to perfect health. To walk easily you must walk naturally.

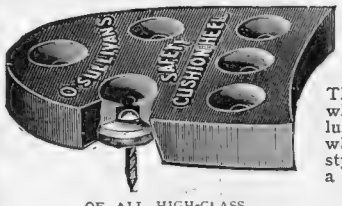
Unfortunately, Metalled Roads, Flagged Pavements, and Leather Boots present a strong combination against Nature's original design.

To restore the balance, all who value the pleasures and benefits of walking should

WEAR

"O'Sullivan's"

SAFETY CUSHION SHAPED RUBBER HEELS.



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OF ALL HIGH-CLASS BOOTMAKERS.

Where your bootmaker cannot supply, send P.O. and outline of heel to

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LADIES' 1/- per pair

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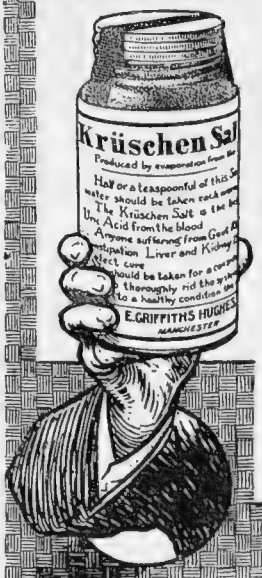

makes you feel well, eat well, & sleep well.

AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR YOUR SYSTEM NEEDS WISE SPRING-CLEANING TO GET RID OF THE IMPURITIES THAT ARE CLOGGING THE ACTION OF THE STOMACH, THE KIDNEYS AND LIVER.

Prescription.

Half a teaspoonful in a tumbler of HOT water, to be taken daily when rising.

Result.

A CLEAR SKIN AND A FINE FEELING OF GLOWING HEALTH.

ONE SIZE ONE PRICE 1/6 per bottle

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Sample Bottle 1/6 direct from Importer.

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cure all kinds of Throat Affections, Tickling and Troublesome Coughs, Hoarseness, etc. Pleasant to taste and prompt to cure. Packed in tins, 7½d. and 1/1½ each. Of all chemists, or, on receipt of price, direct from E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, 17, Deansgate, Manchester.

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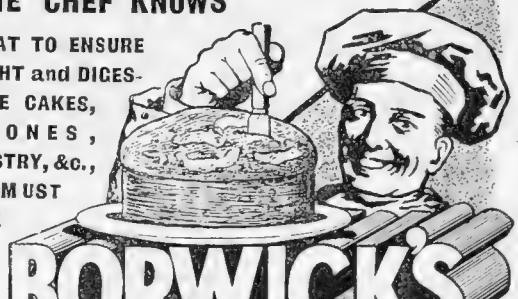
THE CHEF KNOWS

THAT TO ENSURE LIGHT and DIGESTIVE CAKES, SCONES, PASTRY, &c., HE MUST USE



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All the most Beautiful Women use

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FOR PREVENTING **WRINKLES,**
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it is unequalled.

Blotches, Chaps, Freckles, Redness, Roughness, Sunburn
disappear, as if by magic.

MOTORISTS FIND IT **INVALUABLE**

Price: 1/3, 2/6 and 4/- per Pot. 1/3 per Tube

Use also **POUDRE SIMON**
REFINED, DELIGHTFUL, ABSOLUTELY PURE.

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Of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers and Stores.

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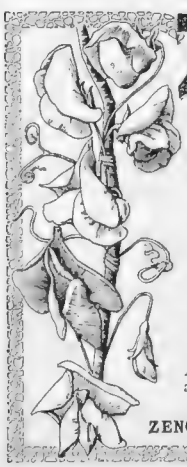

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As supplied to H.M. Queen Alexandra.

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2/3, 3/6, 5/-, and 10/6 per bottle.

TOILET SOAP, 1/-, 1/6, and 3/- per box.
SACHETS, 6d. and 1/- each.
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Sold by Leading Perfumers, Chemists, and Stores.

A Bijou Sample Box containing Perfume, Soap, and Sachet sent post free on receipt of 3d. stamps, mentioning "The Bystander."

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THE QUEEN of

CRÈME DE MENTHE PIPPERMINT GET FRÈRES

A high-class tonic and digestive liqueur

Sold by Wine Merchants and Stores.

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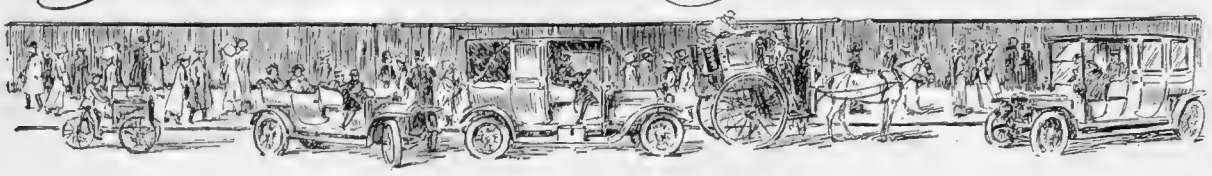

By MRS. JACK MAY

IT has been given to many of us to realise during the sad fortnight we have just passed through, and in a way that would otherwise have been impossible, the illimitable possibilities of dress. Even when set round with the limitations of mourning, there has been found a very wealth of opportunity for effecting diversity. And each week we shall find yet further and, with the majority, undreamt-of developments.

Every imaginable combination of that always effective alliance, black and white, will, in the natural course of things, be evolved. There must of necessity occur many untoward revivals, such as, for example, a black-and white-striped silk, the stripes of rather appreciable width. My eye has been arrested with significant frequency during the past week, by this fancy, and each time the desire has grown stronger to possess some. For one of the many veiled schemes it would surely prove admirable. And it indubitably behoves those who meditate Ascot to be seeing at once about the gowns, millinery, and hats they propose to wear.

The Vogue for Black Iris.

Within a very few days there sprang into favour the above-named floral fancy, arranged in loosely tied natural clusters, flung across one side of a picture-shape. Save for their impossible sable hue, these are a perfect replica of Nature's own handiwork, and perhaps the most telling effect is secured when the flowers are of black velvet. Personally, I infinitely prefer an all-black hat to the indecisive note struck by a black-and-white confection. The craze for white roses veiled in black tulle, which was seized with such avidity at the commencement of the general mourning, has ceased altogether to attract, this note of favour passing easily on to shapes of clear black Chantilly. There is a very particular *cachet* about a "Charlotte Corday" arranged in black Chantilly, and worn at a rather pronounced angle. One of these *chapeaux* that recalls itself pleasantly carried a great double bow and ends at the back of the lace, while another had the *pouf* crown twisted round the base with black *miroir* velvet, the ends tied in a spreading bow in front.

An Alfresco Wrap of Ninon and Satin Charmeuse
(An Original Sketch by Dorothy Millar)

Even when the sad period of mourning is over, there is every probability we shall see a great deal of black Chantilly pressed into the realms of millinery. Given the basis of a black Tagal or crin brim, delightful novelties can be wrought with a few yards of piece Chantilly lace, mounted over aerophane, the latter providing the requisite support, and at the same time serving to throw up the pattern.

A noticeably telling touch also is provided in a deep brim binding of black velvet, an adjunct that adds immeasurably to the attraction of ordinary straw Tagal and the still more approved lace Tagal. After the first week it was quietly but unanimously agreed among the leading milliners that the use of fine black

tulle should be avoided. It had become altogether too ubiquitous for fastidious consideration, and except in the case of some bizarre type of toque, in the creation of which twenty or thirty yards is a mere bagatelle, must be laid aside until such time as it has ceased to claim the popular vote.

Burberrys, 33, Haymarket

No matter the season, there is always arresting matter on hand at Burberrys. It is at last pretty generally recognised that this establishment is replete with diversity, and is by no means confined to garments of mere utility. Burberrys cover an immense range of materials, all of which have been woven and proofed by the firm, thus rendering them antagonistic to wet. To all appearance these are ordinary friezes and tweeds, built up into smart original designs, that are perfectly cut, modelled, and finished. It is a most illuminative experience, I can assure you, to go behind the scenes here, and be initiated into the working of this really vast concern, every single item whereof is distinctive and original.

The sports millinery is peculiarly excellent. To Burberrys, indeed, is due the breaking-up of the dull monotony of the one-time insistent cap, replacing this hard and frequently unbecoming piece of headgear by soft-brimmed hats, ornamented with originally thought-out feather-mounts. In Burberrys' hands the most flamboyant check is tempered to the requisite millinery refinement.

The sketch we have commandeered illustrates Burberrys' weatherproof overcoat, the *ne plus ultra* of wraps, since it is light, handy, cool, and absolutely impervious to all qualities of weather. It is a comforting reflection, also, in these days of prohibitively priced rubber, that there is none of this product in a Burberrys' wet-resisting wrap, or, indeed, any substance deleterious to health and comfort. The whole secret rests in weaving and proofing; there is no latent odour mysteriously drawn into being by the wet, and a further great advantage is, it dries in a few minutes, either before a fire or in the open air, as occasion demands. But it is quite in accordance with things that England, with its latter-day irresponsible climate, should be responsible for the most perfected weatherproof wrap, which can be seen at 33, Haymarket, or, if a personal visit cannot be compassed, then a request will bring back by return one of the firm's beautifully illustrated catalogues.

The Burberry Weatherproof Overcoat
It is light, handy and cool, and absolutely impervious to the worst weather

An "Al Fresco" Wrap

Quite another form of wrap is that sketched by Mrs. Dorothy Millar, and which was inspired by a visit to the Japanese-British Exhibition. We were only there for a short time on the opening day, and, without penetrating into any of the extraneous shows, are disposed to believe that personal prejudice is not entirely responsible for the belief that the show at Shepherd's Bush will this year be again an unmitigated success. To those who have an overwhelming love of colour and form, there is joy wherever the eye turns in the Japanese section. Were ever such blues, reds, and mauves seen before in like abundance in this *dour*, sombre land of ours? And making full allowance for the comparison offered by the black-clad company at present prevailing, the matter of colour alone commands a visit, and should prove a liberal education.

If only, *only* the atmospheric gods will prove kind, the Garden Club should be nightly filled with a representative crowd.

Passing in review the various toilette requirements for this out-of-door amusement, together with Ranelagh, Hurlingham, and such-like social rendezvoux, the assured services of some light wrap, that could be slipped on when the chill of the evening came on, came to us in a flash, and has found quick response in our picture of an original design.

The materials requisitioned to its cause are *ninon* and satin *charmeuse*, the latter delicately embroidered and deftly modelled to form a yoke, front-facing and hem in one, while the great Bishop sleeves melt into the side fillings of black *ninon*. The whole affair is lined through with *ninon*, either black or aluminium-grey, and though light as a thistledown, it is a wrap quite sufficiently warm for summer wear, as *ninon* is an all-silk fabric.

A Valuable Hint

Most people who value health and beauty of mouth and teeth take the precaution of providing themselves with a flask of Odol, the well-known antiseptic dentifrice and mouthwash, when about to go on a journey, for they fully appreciate the advantages of having their favourite dentifrice with them. For the convenience of this large class some particularly elegant and chastely designed flask-covers have now been manufactured, and are to be had at very moderate prices. These covers are in silver of three different grades—solid silver, silver-plated, and nickel-silver, and are admirably adapted to their useful purpose—that of protecting the Odol flask from possible damage in the rough treatment of luggage often experienced when travelling. If not obtainable at your local chemists a postcard to the Odol Chemical Works, 59-63, Park Street, London, S.E., will bring full particulars.

GENUINE OLD-ENGLISH FURNITURE AT LOWER PRICES THAN REPRODUCTIONS!

F. W. PHILLIPS,

The Manor House, HITCHIN, HERTS.

40 mins. King's Cross, G.N.R.
90 mins. from Town by car.

80 Rooms filled with Old-English Furniture. Prices all marked in plain figures. A written guarantee given with each purchase. CATALOGUES forwarded on application.

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Sets of Six at
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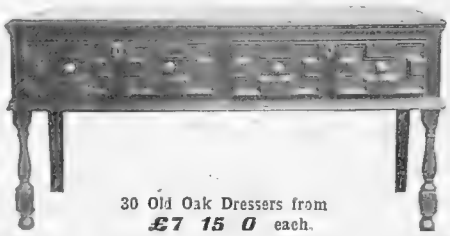
40 in stock at **£3 15 0**



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Stigmatic Lenses give exquisite definition. With the shortest exposures you can get crisp, brilliant negatives of jumping horses and fast motor-cars. You may make good portraits of your friends and their babies. Just a snap of the shutter and it is all over. By using the front lens alone you will get a picture double the ordinary size without moving the camera. You can thus include just the right amount of subject in your picture. Our new catalogue, post free, explains how the Dallmeyer Stigmatic is the only f/6 lens which is

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SHOWROOMS: 25, Newman Street, Oxford Street.

With a Dallmeyer Lens you secure successful work not sometimes, but ALWAYS.

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SYKES-JOSEPHINE'S

NEW WAIST-LINE CORSET

is the ideal of perfection. The contour is graceful, the fashioning elegant, and the build on anatomical principles.

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R.M.S.P. "AVON" (1,073 tons Twin-Screw)
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GRIMSBY & LEITH.

JULY 1 | FJORDS & NORTH CAPE.
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Cruises of 13 Days and Upwards.
From **£1** a Day.

R.M.S.P. THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.
London: 13, Moorgate Street, E.C., and 32, Cockspur Street, S.W.

SKIN LIKE VELVET

and White as Milk.

LOTIL—The only Toilet Soap that does not make the skin harsh and dry. The longer you lather with it, the softer, whiter and more supple does the skin become.
Box three tablets 1/6 of all chemists.
SAMPLE, THREE PENNY STAMPS.
Lotil Co., Oxford Works, Tower Bridge Rd., London, S.E.

TEVIA ALL WOOL TWEED

The particular man, buying a new hat, looks for the name inside, before he tries it on.

He knows that the imprint of one or other of the few famous English hat makers ensures him good style, comfort and lasting wear.

Wholesale Agents:
JAMES PLATT & CO.,
77, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

Tevia Tweed, alone amongst cloths, bears a similar warranty in the form of the trade mark stamped on the back of every length, the Scotch manufacturers' guarantee of the purity and high quality of Tevia All-Wool Tweed.

All the best Tailors stock Tevia Tweed.

"THE GRAND" ROLLER No. 01.

With Double Cylinder, Solid Ends and Rounded Edges, Painted in Colours and Well Finished.
Delivered free at any Railway Station in Great Britain.
PRICES AND WEIGHTS AS FOLLOWS:—

SIZES.	WEIGHTS.			PRICES.		
Diam. Width.	Cwt.	qrs.	lb.	£	s.	d.
14 in. by 14 in.	1	3	0	2	3	8
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18 " " 18 "	2	1	14	2	13	4
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These can be obtained through any respectable Ironmonger

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In Tins, 3d., 6d., 1s. & 2s. Everywhere. "RONUK," Ltd., Portslade, near Brighton. Depots—London & Manchester.

letter or postcard sent to-day is all that is necessary to secure a consultation at the Sandow Institute

YOU CAN SECURE PERFECT HEALTH

WITHOUT TAKING MEDICINE.

A letter posted to-day will bring free of charge a full explanation of Mr. Sandow's remarkably successful Nature Treatment, which is equally effective for members of both sexes, at any age from 5 years to 85 years and over.

Women and children are included in this offer for a consultation at the Sandow Institute

THAT it is possible for well-nigh every person, irrespective of age, not only to keep in a condition of absolute fitness, but also to recover perfect health when attacked by illness or suffering from one of the numerous complaints common to everyday life, without the aid of medicine, by the simple and pleasant means of Scientific Physical Exercise, is a statement which may sound really too good to be true.

Yet the fact remains, proved beyond doubt, that there are to-day thousands upon thousands of people who stand in the unique and happy position of being their own health-makers, the great majority of whom perform all that is necessary to this end in their own homes, who took the advice obtained at Sandow's Institute, having sought a consultation upon their illnesses.

What Physical Culture Cures

It is not claimed that Scientific Physical Exercise will cure everything. Far from it. For the present it is stated that during recent years a total of many thousands of cases of Digestive Disorder, Nervous Breakdown, Uric Acid Complaints, Heart Troubles and Circulatory Disorders, Obesity, Chest and Lung Weakness, Physical Deformities and Spinal Curvatures, Kidney Disorders, the Special Ailments of Women, and cases of general physical deficiency have been treated, and that the uniform success in dealing with these by natural means—viz., specially prescribed individual courses of scientific exercise—has amply proved that this method is the surest cure in such illnesses, the results attained, as certified by *Truth's* Special Investigator, being complete cures in 94 out of every 100 cases, and substantial benefit in 99 out of every 100 cases dealt with.

A Pleasant and Gentle Treatment

The exercises involve no lifting of heavy weights or strenuous exertions, being regulated to exactly accord with the patient's constitution and condition, and for this reason is suitable for persons of all ages, being taken without the possibility of strain by children of five years and men and women of eighty-five and over. If your own complaint or condition is mentioned in the titles of the Sandow Health Library of twenty-four illustrated booklets which are given below you are offered advice free of charge, and should you decide to take treatment, the charge for the course prescribed will be found to be quite within your means. Those who can do so are invited to call personally at the Sandow Institute, but one of the great advantages of this treatment is that it can be taken by many sufferers in their own homes.

Your letter is dealt with at once, and an opinion upon your case forwarded with a copy of the booklet desired

Call or Write To-day

The first step to take to avail yourself of this opportunity does not involve you in any expense. If it is not possible to pay a personal visit you should select from the titles of "The Sandow Health Library" the particular book dealing with your illness or condition. Then write a letter, mentioning this offer in THE BYSTANDER, to Mr. Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., giving fullest particulars of the ailment or complaint suffered, and you will receive a copy of the booklet free of charge, together with a candid opinion as to the suitability of your case for treatment by Scientific Curative Physical Culture.

These are the titles of The Sandow Health Library from which you are invited to select the booklet you desire, and write for it to-day, mentioning "The Bystander"

Vol	Illustrated.
1.	Indigestion and Dyspepsia.
2.	Constipation and its Cure.
3.	Liver Troubles.
4.	Nervous Disorders in Men.
5.	Nervous Disorders in Women.
6.	Obesity in Men.
7.	Obesity in Women.
8.	Heart Affections.
9.	Lung and Chest Complaints.
10.	Rheumatism and Gout.
11.	Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure.
12.	Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic.
13.	Lack of Vigour.
14.	Physical Deformities in Men.
15.	Physical Deformities in Women.
16.	Functional Defects in Speech.
17.	Circulatory Disorders.
18.	Skin Disorders.
19.	Physical Development for Men.
20.	Everyday Health.
21.	Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments.
22.	Figure Culture for Women.
23.	Insomnia.
24.	Neurasthenia.

If unable to call personally at the Sandow Institute, sufferers are invited to select the volume bearing upon their principal weakness and to write for a copy, addressing Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, Lond.n, S.W., when they will receive same as nearly by return of post as possible.

You read at your leisure at home and learn how you and yours may secure perfect health by natural means

The Bystander, May 25, 1910

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 338.—Vol. XXVI. Wednesday, May 25, 1910 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS

HAMPTON & SONS
AUCTIONEERS
(Advertisements continued on page vi.)

37 GERRARD. VALUERS

ILLUSTRATED LIST OF COUNTRY ESTATES, RESIDENCES, AND SPORTINGS FOR SALE AND TO BE LET.

Published in three parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—

(1) LANDED ESTATES. (2) UNFURNISHED HOUSES FOR SALE OR LETTING. (3) FURNISHED HOUSES AND SHOOTINGS.

THE HOUSE.

NEAR THE COAST
BETWEEN FOLKESTONE AND DOVER.
Amidst perfect seclusion.
450FT. ABOVE THE SEA.
A very moderate price for quick Sale. Owner having to return to America.

Entrance hall, dining, drawing, and morning rooms, excellent offices with servants' hall, 9 bedrooms, bathroom. New stabling and cottage. The whole place is in first-class order. Pretty grounds of about 4 acres (more land can be had). Tennis lawns, rose gardens, kitchen garden, summer-house, etc.; several useful outbuildings.

HAMPTON AND SONS specially recommend this Property from personal knowledge, and will be glad to send further details and photos on application. Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

A CORNER OF THE GROUNDS.

UNRIVALLED POSITION.
Hunting. 2 miles from Crowborough Golf Course.

ASHDOWN FOREST.—"DUDDLESWELL."—For SALE, imposing and comfortably arranged RESIDENCE, 600ft. above sea, commanding extensive and enchanting views. Carriage drive approach. Lounge hall, 5 reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, ample offices; detached stabling, small farmery, 2 cottages, delightful pleasure grounds, ornamental and tennis lawns, fruit and vegetable garden, and enclosures of grass and arable land, in all over 15½ acres. Dry soil. Good repair. AUCTION ON JUNE 8.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HIGH AND PERFECTLY RURAL.
½ *hour of Town. Company's water and gas.*

SURREY.—"SWAYNESTHORPE," Ditton Hill, imposing and comfortably arranged RESIDENCE, approached by long carriage drive. 11 bed and dressing, 2 bathrooms, 4 handsome reception rooms, roomy hall, ample offices. Tastefully laid-out pleasure grounds, ornamental lawn, tennis and croquet lawns, gravelled terrace walk, fruit and vegetable gardens and orchard, in all nearly 4 acres. Main drainage.

For SALE by AUCTION on JUNE 22.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

IDEAL SPORTING CENTRE.
Capital hunting, golf, shooting, fishing, and boating.

XVITH-CENTURY RESIDENCE AND 30 ACRES

BEAUTIFUL VALE OF EVESHAM.—For SALE, a delightful FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, "The Abbey," Pershore, pleasantly situate, and commanding a fine open view. The House is approached by 2 long carriage drives, and contains, on 2 floors only: 16 bed and dressing rooms, bath, 4 reception rooms, gun room, entrance and galleries, inner halls, and complete offices, including servants' hall and housekeeper's room. Stabling for 5, with rooms over; 2 picturesque cottages.

DELECTABLE PLEASURE GROUNDS
and parkland.

A row of 7 brick-built cottages, let, with a piece of garden ground, to weekly tenants, could also be purchased, if desired.

Company's gas. Good water supply.—Details of Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, who can strongly recommend the place to anyone seeking a picturesque old home combined with splendid sport. Offices: 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.
Grand views over beautifully timbered Park.
3 MINUTES FROM STATION.

CLOSE TO FINE GOLF COURSE.—For SALE, FREEHOLD, or Unfurnished, on Lease, modern RESIDENCE in capital order, quite secluded in nicely timbered grounds of over 2 acres, and situate amid some of the most delightful, countrified surroundings, within an easy motor ride of Town, with exceptionally good educational facilities. Carriage drive to main entrance. Hall with fireplace, drawing room with bay, dining room with servery, morning room, and complete offices on ground floor with housekeeper's room. 2 staircases. 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and

FINE BILLIARD ROOM OR STUDIO.

Gas, Company's water, main drainage. Excellent stabling of 2 stalls and loose box, coach-house, harness room, and rooms for married man. Broad gravelled terrace, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, greenhouse, etc., inexpensive to maintain. Few minutes from village, with celebrated old church, post, telegraph. Immediate possession.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS.
Beautiful country affording golf and hunting.

HERTS (OUTSKIRTS OF HISTORICAL OLD TOWN, within easy daily distance of Town).—For SALE, a commodious old-fashioned RESIDENCE, "Arkley Cottage," near Barnet, 400ft. above sea level, and approached by a carriage drive. Entrance porch and hall, inner and lounge halls, tiled conservatory and verandah, 3 reception rooms, 3 staircases.

MAGNIFICENTLY FITTED BILLIARD ROOM,

8 or 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and ample offices. Stabling for 6; 2 cottages. Prettily displayed pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, and 2 useful paddocks, in all about 3 acres. Company's gas and water; main drainage. 10 well-built cottages producing £184 12s. can also be had if desired. AUCTION ON JUNE 15.—Details of Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard 1943 Gerrard

By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

"ARNOLDS," HOLMWOOD. IN THE FAVOURITE LEITH HILL DISTRICT.

SURREY (in one of the most beautiful parts; 330ft. above the sea, a mile from Holmwood Station on the L.B. and S.C. Railway, 2 miles from Leith Hill, 4 miles from Dorking and Abinger, 28 miles from London).

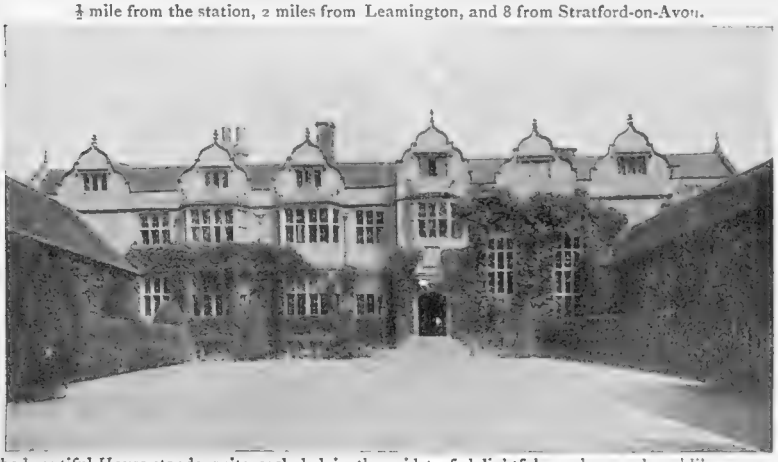
The Residence occupies a pleasant position commanding extensive views, and is unusually well built of red brick with tiled roof, and is well planned and contains: lounge hall (42ft. by 27ft. 3in.), billiard, 4 reception, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete domestic offices; electric light; exceptionally good stabling, garage, coach-house, and men's rooms; Company's water; lodge; 4 cottages, and farm-buildings; pond of about an acre; pleasure grounds, shrubberies, woodland, hard and grass tennis courts, croquet lawn, glasshouses and enclosures of meadow-land, the whole extending to 67 ACRES. DATE OF AUCTION, JUNE 14. Illustrated particulars are in course of preparation.—The Auctioneers' Offices, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.; Solicitors, Messrs. BROUGHTON, BROUGHTON and HOLT, 12, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.

By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

WARWICK.—The historical PROPERTY known as "THE PRIORY,"

A GENUINE TUDOR MANSION

½ mile from the station, 2 miles from Leamington, and 8 from Stratford-on-Avon.



The beautiful House stands quite secluded in the midst of delightful gardens and parklike grounds, containing some magnificent cedars, elms, and other fine trees, and comprising about 43 ACRES. The residence is of great historical interest, having been erected by Thomas Hawkins in 1556, whom Queen Elizabeth visited a few years later, and occupies the site of an ancient church, founded by a former Earl of Warwick in 1109. There are 5 reception rooms, 3 splendid halls, all oak panelled, 27 bed and dressing rooms, including Queen Elizabeth's suite, and convenient offices; stabling for 14 horses, coach-houses and garage; beautiful pleasure grounds with winding walks and old yew hedges, kitchen garden, glasshouses, and farmery, 2 cottages and entrance lodge; hunting, polo, and golf. The above will be offered by AUCTION on Monday, JULY 25, 1910, at the Mart, E.C.—Illustrated particulars can be obtained at the Auctioneers' Offices, 20, Hanover Square, W.; or of the Solicitors, Messrs. SMYTHE, ETCHES and JACKSON, Edmund Street, Birmingham.

By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

SURREY.—"FROLBURY MANOR," ABINGER (between Dorking and Guildford on a spur of the Leith Hill Range; about 500ft. above sea level; 2½ miles from Gomshall Station).

The Residence is surrounded by well-timbered grounds and is approached by a drive with lodge entrance, and contains: lounge hall with gallery, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices; ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT; stabling, garage, lodge, and cottages, etc. The grounds are of great natural beauty, with terraced lawns, shrubberies, wilderness garden, etc., and parklike land, in all rather over 20 ACRES, which will be offered for SALE by AUCTION on JUNE 14 next.—The Auctioneers' Offices, 20, Hanover Square, W.; Solicitors, Messrs. J. E. LICKFOLD and SONS, 57, Moorgate Street, E.C.

By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

"COOMBE LODGE," NEAR BRENTWOOD.

ESSEX (most conveniently situated 2 miles from Brentwood Station, from whence the City is reached in about half an hour by express service).

The Residence stands nearly 400ft. above sea level, in finely timbered grounds and park, through which it is approached by a long drive with lodge entrance. The Mansion contains: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 18 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; excellent stabling and cottages; home farm with farmhouse and buildings; a pair of quaint old cottages, dating from Charles I. period, and suitable for conversion into a gentleman's week-end residence; valuable frontages for development, the whole extending to about 200 ACRES. DATE OF AUCTION, JULY 18, 1910 (unless previously sold). Illustrated particulars in course of preparation. — The Auctioneers' Offices, 20, Hanover Square, W.; Solicitors, Messrs. DAWES and SONS, 9 and 10, Angel Court, E.C.

By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

"MILL VALE," BROMLEY.

KENT (30 minutes of London, with frequent fast service of trains to the City and West End, ¼ mile from a station, and near the Sundridge Park, Chislehurst, and Bickley Golf Courses). — The old-fashioned Residence occupies an entirely secluded position in matured grounds of 5 ACRES. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and the usual offices; electric light; main drainage; Company's water; 2-stall stable, small coach-house, and harness room; the old-world grounds are quite a feature of the Property, and are studded with copper, beech, walnut, oak, mulberry, and other trees, providing ample shade; there is a pretty lake, rustic bridge and boat-house, tennis court, vinery, and forcing-house; small farmery. DATE OF AUCTION, JUNE 14. —Solicitors, Messrs. POTTER, SANDFORD and KILVINGTON, 120, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Auctioneers' Offices, 20, Hanover Square, W.

35 MINUTES OF LONDON.—To be SOLD, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, pleasantly placed in grounds of nearly 30 acres. The accommodation, planned on 2 floors, comprises: 3 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and ample domestic offices, including servants' hall; main drainage, Company's gas; telephone; good supply of water; stabling for 4; small farmery; 2 cottages; matured grounds, well-laid tennis court, rose garden, orchard, productive kitchen garden and meadow-land.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard 1943 Gerrard

Telephones:
1505 MAYFAIR.
3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address:
"WALTONS, LONDON."

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS.

UPPER WARLINGHAM.—The above charming old-fashioned HOUSE, with 2 or 3 acres of grandly timbered, matured grounds, to be SOLD at a moderate price; secluded position, free from motor dust; 600ft. above sea level, gravel soil: 7 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, servants' hall and offices; stabling for 3, farmery, good cottage; tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden and paddocks; ¾ mile from station, under an hour from Town.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,246)

FISHING BOX ON THE TEST.
RENT £95.

HAMPSHIRE.—A picturesque sixteenth-century timbered FARMHOUSE, with right of fishing for about 3 miles on the River Test, well stocked and preserved. House in excellent order, and contains: 5 bedrooms, dressing room, bath (h. and c.), 3 sitting rooms, and offices; gas; 2-stall stabling and coachman's rooms; good gardens; 2 miles from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,326)

BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS.
FREEHOLD.

NO. 25, QUEEN'S GATE.—An excellent FAMILY RESIDENCE, in the best block, occupying an open and airy position within a few yards of the Park and near to Tube Stations; the House is in the immediate vicinity of the Museums, the Imperial Institute, the Albert Hall, and offers unusual attractions to a family; the premises are soundly constructed, and contain: 5 reception rooms, 11 good bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample offices; at the rear is capital stabling for 5 horses.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above for SALE, by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, May 31 (unless previously sold).—Particulars of Messrs. BELL, BRODRICK and GRAY, Solicitors, 63, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

DORSETSHIRE (near the sea at Lulworth Cove, 3 miles from Wool Station on the main L. and S. W. Ry., and 9 miles from Dorchester).—The valuable RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, known as "WINFRITH HOUSE," Winfrith, Dorchester; comprising the above old-fashioned Residence, containing: 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices, including housekeeper's room and servants' hall; well-timbered and matured grounds, with tennis lawn; also productive kitchen garden and fine range of glasshouses, in all about 2½ ACRES; stabling for 5, picturesque cottage and garden.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above fo. SALE by AUCTION at the Mart, London, E.C., on Tuesday, May 31, 1910, at 2 o'clock (unless previously sold).—Particulars with views and plan of Messrs. TATHAM and LOUSADA, Solicitors, 16, Old Broad Street, E.C., or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W.

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS
FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

WARWICKSHIRE HUNT (in the centre of this famous country, close to the kennels, and possessing exceptionally good means of communication with all parts, being within ½ mile of Kineton station, which is served by the Great Central, L. and N.W., Mid., and G.W. Railways).—The unusually favoured RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY known as

"KINETON HOUSE,"

situate close to the village of Kineton, about 10 miles from Stratford-on-Avon, 11 miles from Warwick, and 12 miles from Banbury and Leamington respectively. The property extends to an area of about 29a. 3r. 24p., and includes a picturesque, interesting, old-fashioned stone-built Mansion House, seated in an elevated but sheltered position, commanding lovely views, and surrounded by finely timbered lawns, pleasure grounds, and park-land, bounded by the River Dene. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, about 23 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, very complete offices and conveniences; stabling for about 20 horses; cottage and necessary outbuildings; three other cottages if required; fine old kitchen garden.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION at the Mart, E.C., on Wednesday, June 8, 1910, at 2 o'clock (unless previously sold).—Particulars of Messrs. ROOPER and WHATELY, Solicitors, 17, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.; Mr. W. W. HUTTON, Estate Office, Kineton, Warwickshire; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

SUSSEX (with exceptional motoring facilities).—In the most charming part of the county, about 5 miles from East Grinstead, 7 miles from Haywards Heath and Three Bridges, 3¾ miles from Rowfant, and 1¾ miles from West Hoathly station, on the Lewes and East Grinstead branch line of the L.B. and S.C.R., whence either London or Brighton may be reached in about 75 minutes. The exceedingly interesting and choice RESIDENTIAL ESTATE distinguished as

"ROCKHURST,"

embracing, within a singularly compact boundary, an area of nearly 300 ACRES, and comprising a charming Family Residence, occupying a high yet well-sheltered situation, surrounded by fully matured shrubberies and well-timbered parklands, and approached by 2 carriage drives with lodge at each entrance. The PLEASURE GROUNDS are NATURALLY BEAUTIFUL, and have been embellished by the formation of artistically disposed lawns and parterre flower gardens interspersed with winding and secluded paths, which lead to a wilderness rock garden and to the woodlands and pleasure grounds beyond. On the southern side of the property is a wonderfully picturesque WOOD of about 70 ACRES, containing an extensive and INTERESTING RANGE OF ROCKS mentioned in Domesday Book, and showing very bold projections and grotesque figures, among which are the famous Great-upon-Little, Owl's Home, Loaf of Bread and Sliding Rocks, and Cave of Adullum. The property also comprises excellent glasshouses, stabling and coach-house, productive home farm with commodious bailiff's house and set of farm-buildings, 3 cottages for gardeners, coachman, etc., and gardener's bothy, together with 5 newly built cottage residences and 2 lodges. Capital shooting may be had upon the estate.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

(in conjunction with Messrs. KING and CHASEMORE) will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Thursday, June 16, 1910, at 2 o'clock precisely (unless previously sold).—Particulars of Messrs. ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP and Co., Solicitors 17, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.; Messrs. KING and CHASEMORE, Estate Agents, Horsham; and Messrs. WALTON and LEE, Auctioneers, 10, Mount St., W.

HANTS AND BERKS BORDERS.
IN THE BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT OF NEWBURY.
KINGSCLERE HOUSE, KINGSCLERE.
Contiguous to the Downs and within an easy motor drive of Newbury and Basingstoke.

THIS DELIGHTFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY comprises an area of about 17 ACRES, and includes a picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE (see view above), standing about 330ft. above sea level, in a sheltered position, amidst finely timbered parkland, and approached by 2 carriage drives with one lodge entrance. The House contains: 4 reception rooms, conservatory, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and good offices; exceptionally fine stabling for 9 horses; garage, farmery, and 2 cottages; ample water supply—no pumping; electric light; beautiful old-world pleasure grounds with ornamental water, glasshouses, etc. The whole Property is in faultless condition. About 2,000 acres of first-class shooting, and additional land now rented can be had if required. Golf 3 miles distant; trout fishing on property; hunting.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION at the Mart, E.C., on Wednesday, June 8, 1910, at 2 o'clock (if not sold previously).—Particulars of Messrs. HAMMOND and RICHARDS, Solicitors, 26, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., or the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

BURNHAM BEECHES (near).—Unique week-end COTTAGE RESIDENCE for SALE at a moderate price, with beautiful old-world gardens, orchard, and paddocks of 10 acres; 330 ft. above sea, on gravel: 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; Company's water; gardener's cottage; motor garage; near golf.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,327)

BERKSHIRE (overlooking Snelsmore Common, and only about 3 miles from Newbury Town and Station on the Great Western Main Line, whence London may be reached in about 70 minutes).—ANNOUNCEMENT OF SALE of an exceedingly charming RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY known as

"THE AZURE ESTATE,"

situate in the Parishes of Winterbourne and Chieveley, and embracing an area of about 80 ACRES. It includes a most delightful Family Residence (see view above) in excellent repair, standing about 480ft. above sea level, and commanding an exceptionally fine view of Snelsmore Common and of the Hampshire hills beyond. The House contains: 4 reception rooms and 9 bed and dressing rooms; extensive and well-designed lawns and pleasure grounds of exceptional beauty; capital garden; loose-box stabling for 6 horses, with commodious coach-house; a well-arranged model farmstead and 3 cottages; excellent hunting, shooting, and fishing in the neighbourhood; golf links within easy distance.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

(in conjunction with Messrs. DREWEATT and WATSON) will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION at the Mart, London, E.C., on Wednesday, June 8, 1910, at 2 o'clock (unless previously sold.)—Particulars of Messrs. J. COPLAND and SON, Solicitors, Sheerness; Messrs. DREWEATT and WATSON, Estate Agents, Newbury; and of Messrs. WALTON and LEE, Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines).

ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.** **AUCTIONEERS**

FOR SALE BY AUCTION ON JUNE 17 NEXT.

THE RESIDENCE.

HADLEY WOODS (YEEDA GRANGE ESTATE; IN A LOVELY POSITION 1 mile from station and 14 miles from London).—To be SOLD, at a low figure, a

VALUABLE RESIDENTIAL ESTATE,

including THE ABOVE ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, with entrance hall, inner hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; EXCELLENT STABLING; LOVELY WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS, walled kitchen garden, tennis lawn, paddocks, in all 9 ACRES. Also

OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE,

with 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing, bathroom; stabling and grounds; let at £120 per annum; 25 COTTAGES, mission room, workmen's club-house, blacksmith's shop, etc., all well let.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX (1 hour from London and 20 minutes from Brighton).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, an attractive Freehold RESIDENCE, in nicely laid-out grounds, tennis lawn, flower and kitchen garden, etc.; lounge hall, 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, etc.; stabling for 2, coach-house or motor-house. Price £2,750. Rent £130.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (9,889)

BANKS OF THE THAMES.—Beautiful views of Quarry Woods. Creeper-covered RESIDENCE on gravel soil, in shady gardens: 3 sitting, 5 bed, bath, and accommodation for 3 servants. Tennis lawn, etc. Photo and all details of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

PRICE ONLY £2,000.

SOMERSET AND DORSET BORDERS (near interesting old Town of Glastonbury).—For SALE, Freehold, compact COUNTRY PROPERTY. Pretty Residence of Freestone, with mullioned windows:

6 bedrooms,

lounge hall (18ft. by 16ft.), | drawing room (22ft. by 18ft.),
morning room (19ft. by 15ft.), | dining room (21ft. by 18ft.),

stabling for 2, coach-house, 4 cottages (2 let).

6 ACRES OF MATURED GROUNDS,

kitchen and fruit gardens, meadow and orchard. Inspected and recommended by Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (9,770)

A BARGAIN AT £4,250.

REAL OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE, together with 8½ acres of finely matured grounds, tennis lawn, prolific gardens, meadows: 13 bed and dressing, 4 reception, studio or billiard room, bath; stabling 2; 3 rooms.

AMID LOVELY SCENERY. GLORIOUS VIEWS OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

Nr. station, church, post, and village; shooting and hunting in district; all in excellent order.—Inspected and very strongly recommended as being the cheapest property in the market by the Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (10,071)

FURNISHED HOUSES FOR THE SUMMER.

MESSRS. HARRODS (Ltd.) can offer a choice of

3,750 Houses.

in all parts of the Kingdom.

Extensive selection of THAMES and RIVERSIDE, SOUTH COAST, and COUNTRY PROPERTIES.

AN EXECUTOR'S BARGAIN. TO CLOSE ESTATE.

CHISLEHURST (close to Common and golf links).—To be SOLD, Freehold, a well-built RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered grounds of 2½ acres: 4 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, billiard, bath, etc.; stabling for 2; every convenience.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

CHESHIRE (Hollingworth).—To be SOLD, the above attractive PROPERTY, standing in well-timbered grounds of about 17 ACRES: entrance hall, 3 large reception rooms, business room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, well-arranged domestic offices; stabling for 9, 2 cottages; gas and water laid on; every convenience.—Further details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (7,882)

BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTORS.

ORPINGTON, KENT.—The above conveniently placed, attractive Freehold RESIDENCE, known as "Sunnyside," standing in exceptionally well-timbered grounds of 2 acres: entrance hall, 3 reception, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; conservatory; stabling or motor-house. To be SOLD by AUCTION by HARRODS (Ltd.) on June 17 next.

£80 PER ANNUM (FLEET, HANTS).—To be LET, Unfurnished, an attractive COUNTRY HOUSE, 250ft. above sea level, approached from a by-road and a carriage drive, and surrounded by pretty gardens, with tennis lawn, etc.; lounge hall, 2 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for coach-house.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (9,719)

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(*Continued from page* i.)

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LOVELY GROUNDS,

tennis lawns, rosary, shady walks, kitchen garden, ornamental water, meadow-land, nearly 11 acres. Dry soil. Co.'s water. Hot-water heating.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Through trains to City.

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ELECTRIC LIGHT. RADIATORS.

Main drainage, on which a large expenditure has been made. Telephone. *The gardens of just under 2½ acres are highly cultivated and recently well drained.* Upper lawn and tennis lawn below.

ROSE GARDEN ABOUT 90FT. SQUARE,

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400ft. above sea. South slope. Golf.

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THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

Near the quaint old market town of Ashford.

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By order of the Executors.

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Elegant Residence in beautiful grounds.

SUFFOLK (NEAR THE COAST, HIGH POSITION, commanding an extensive and diversified prospect).—For SALE, a substantially built and sumptuously fitted RESIDENCE, "Tumbricane," Ipswich, approached by carriage drive. Fine lounge hall, handsome reception rooms, conservatory, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths, and complete offices. Stabling for 3, with coach-house and garage. Beautiful pleasure grounds on slope of hill, arranged in terraces with level and sloping lawns; gravelled terrace walks; fruit and vegetable gardens; pretty plantation and orchard, in all about 4½ acres. Company's water and gas. A few minutes' walk of station with

SPLENDID SERVICE TO LONDON

and the principal East Coast watering-places. AUCTION ON JUNE 15.—Details of ROBERT BOND and SONS, 6, Butter Market, Ipswich; or Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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BRENTWOOD.

£3,000 (offers invited) for Attractive HOUSE (modernised) and nearly 4 acres well-timbered grounds and pasture orcharding.

HIGH POSITION. FINE VIEWS.

3 reception, 8 bedrooms, fitted bath, offices. Stabling. Gas and water laid on. Tennis lawns, greenhouses, very well-stocked gardens.—Recommended by the Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

'MIDST PERFECT SECLUSION.

600FT. ABOVE. WITH ENCHANTING VIEWS.

SURREY HILLS.—UNFURNISHED, or for SALE, a luxuriously fitted FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, recently the subject of lavish expenditure, and approached by winding carriage drive through its own delightful gardens of 4½ acres, thus ensuring perfect privacy. Ornamental walks, undulating umbrageous lawns, tennis lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, and useful paddock. Wide hall, fine dining room fitted throughout in oak, study or smoking room, drawing room in Louis Seize style, morning room, 2 staircases, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices. Detached stabling or motor garage, with living rooms over; small farmery. Close to station with

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Asters and Tobacco Plants

Among the many curiosities of horticultural nomenclature is the fact that the annual bedding plant called an aster is not an aster, its proper name being Callistephus chinensis, and the real aster being the Michaelmas daisy. Of late years it has been greatly improved. The flowers, once comparatively small, now almost rival those of the Japanese chrysanthemum, which they much resemble. The plants are easily raised in boxes under glass, and the only trouble with them is that if there is any carelessness in watering or in admitting fresh air they are liable to damp off. The actual cause of the disease is a minute fungus. And the remedy is to transfer the seedlings at once to boxes of fresh soil. This will save such as are still free from the disease. If taller plants are wanted for summer beds there is nothing better than Nicotiana affinis, which, as will be seen from the illustration, is effectively used in the Dutch Garden at Clandon Park. A number of hybrids of different colours have been introduced, but though some are fairly satisfactory, the majority are rather dull. Not one is equal to the old-fashioned white, sweet-scented tobacco. The tube of the flower is so long as to excite wonder whether any insect in this country can reach the honey at the bottom of it, but, as the curious watcher may discover on a summer evening, the task is well within the power of the humming-bird moth, which, while poised on the wing in front of the flower, unfolds its long proboscis and thrusts it down the tube. Tobacco plants may be grown in the same way as asters, but, being larger, want more space. A warm position, light, rich soil, and plenty of moisture are their chief requirements.

The Beauty of Caladiums

The advantage of fine foliage plants over flowering plants is that, while the latter are generally effective only for the short season they are in flower, the former are effective for the much longer season during which they retain their leaves. And among the finest of foliage plants are caladiums. They need rather a high temperature while they are making their growth, and the richness of their colouring depends largely on the amount of light. If they are grown in a gloomy, airless house, they are sure to be dull in colouring and also thin and flabby in texture. In order to concentrate the sap in the foliage, the flower-stems should be taken off as soon as they can be seen. The flowers are not beautiful—in shape not unlike those of the common "lords and ladies" or cuckoo-pint—so they are no loss. When the plants are well grown, the temperature and also the amount of moisture in the atmosphere may be slightly reduced. Caladiums are too delicate to stand rough usage, but with a little hardening off there is no reason why they should not be brought into the house and kept there for a few days, or even a week at a time. At the Temple Show they are practically in the open air. If they were never to be taken out of the store they would lose nearly all their value. H. C. Davidson.

Photograph] The Flower Garden at Hinchingbrooke, the Earl of Sandwich's Huntingdon Seat [*H. N. King*

At the 'Varsities

NATATORY DELIGHTS AND PROSPECTS

Swimming

One of the most enjoyable of all pastimes appropriate to the summer term, when the weather is genial, is swimming, and from the point of view of muscular exercises it is of the finest that can possibly be indulged in. Yet the facilities provided at either University are not all that they might be. Oxford, it is true, have a bath rented from a tenant who holds a lease from University College, but this bath is at best but a poor affair, and not full-size. Cambridge, however, are in a measure worse off in this respect, for they possess no bath, the swimming taking place in the river at the sheds, though when the weather is cold, the privilege granted to the C.U.S.C., to use the commodious bath of the Leys School is eagerly taken advantage of. It is a matter for regret that the standard of University swimming is not higher than it is, and were one to seek for the real explanation, it would probably be found in the neglect, almost systematic in its character, paid at the Public Schools to the natatory art. For this reason one gives a cordial welcome to the incorporation of an inter-schools team race in the Inter-'Varsity programme at the Bath Club, this new event displacing the polo team race, an event which never counted, and was of no particular interest.

The Blues

The Blues in residence at Oxford this term are R. Seacome, goalkeeper of the water polo team and President of the Club; R. Honey, back in the water-polo team, and who can swim either the 50yd. or 100yd.; W. Bailey, centre-forward of the water polo team and winner of last year's 50yd. Inter-'Varsity Race; C. Parker, who was second string in the latter race; and both Quarter-Milers, C. Sandford and C. Emsley. Thus there is a splendid nucleus for a strong combination. The Senior element, too, is promising, R. Freeman, H. Mack, and O. Hobbs being promising candidates for the water polo team. The Freshmen's swimming races last term brought to light a very promising performer in J. Moses, an American, who won the 50 Yards in 28 1-5th sec. and the 100 Yards in 63 1-5th sec. One questions the advisability of holding such a fixture in March, for this was, no doubt, largely responsible for the small number of entries. Cambridge look likely to prove very formidable this year. The whole of last year's swimming team are again in residence, and the only absentees from the 1909 polo team are J. H. Barr, who, though "up," is in his fifth year, and so ineligible, and D. W. Milne, who, however, will qualify if required. Of resident Seniors the best appear to be L. L. Gunn (Corpus), A. L. Anthony (St. John's), F. Röunfeldt (Christ's), C. W. K. MacMullan (Pembroke), W. H. Shephard (Christ's), and W. J. Hartley (Peterhouse), nearly all of whom have played or swum for the University at some time. K. M. Ward, who swam in the 100 Yards against Oxford in 1908, is also in residence, and if his heart prove strong enough to allow him to swim again, he should prove a source of great strength to the side. The best swimmer of the Freshmen are J. P. Stimson, brother of the 'Varsity secretary, F. Sandon, G. A. Taylor, and C. C. Taylor. Already the polo team appears to be assuming definiteness, and the final composition will probably be E. F. Edmonds (Emmanuel), goal; J. V. Fiddian (Emmanuel) and D. Portway (Downing), backs; I. Mavor, half-back; J. P. Stimson (Peterhouse), C. C. Stimson (Emmanuel), and C. E. Simmons (Queen's), forwards. The defence is very sturdy, the forwards fast and clever. R. C. R.

The Menu: TASTY VEGETARIAN DISHES

A Nice Vegetable Soufflè

Have ready about ½lb. of any carefully made and well-flavoured vegetable purée—spinach, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, carrot, turnip, tomato, or celery. Then put one gill of water and 1oz. of butter into a pan with a pinch of salt. Directly this comes to the boil, stir in 1oz. of flour, stirring it well with a wooden spoon for two or three minutes, put in the purée, and just remove the pan for a little, add the yolks of two eggs, one at a time, and one whole egg, and finally the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Have ready a papered soufflé dish, fill it three-quarters of the way up, bake it in a hot oven for ten minutes, and serve at once, first removing the paper and wiping the dish. Serve at once, as if kept waiting the soufflé will fall and become tough.

Pancakes with Spinach

Have ready spinach cooked in the usual way and finely chopped. Fry a small chopped onion in butter, work a teaspoonful of flour with the same quantity of cream, and add to each a teacupful of spinach. Season to taste, and make all very hot together. Make a number of thin pancakes, spread each with a layer of spinach, and roll up. Butter a round baking-tin, place in the pancakes, pour over a mixture of three eggs to a pint of milk, taking care that there is just enough to cover the pancakes. Place in a moderate oven, and bake for about twenty minutes. Turn on to a hot dish and serve.

Watercress Savoury

Stamp some thin sandwiches of bread and butter into rounds with a pastry-cutter. Chop the leaves of a bunch of watercress, and blend them to a paste with 1oz. of butter, salt, and lemon-juice. Put a layer of this mixture on each round, garnish the rounds with a few shrimps, fillets of anchovy, or chopped egg. Serve cold on a folded serviette, with watercress or radishes as a garnish.

Haricot Bean Mayonnaise

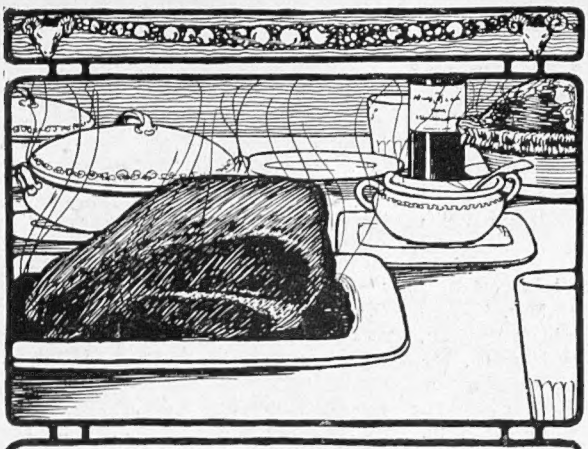
Soak ½lb. of haricot beans in water overnight, the next day cook till tender (rather more than two hours), and drain thoroughly. When cold put into a salad bowl, and mix with them some mustard and cress, thin slices of cucumber, also of hard-boiled egg. Pour over a thick mayonnaise sauce, and garnish with sieved yolk of egg.

Tomato Omelet

Peel and mince four tomatoes finely. Mix one tablespoonful of flour with a little milk till it is quite smooth, add three beaten eggs to it, a little salt, and a dust of cayenne, the tomatoes, and half a minced shallot. Fry the omelet in the usual way, and serve very hot. EMILIA.

Sunshine and Smiles

Of all the countries in the world where people are healthy and happy, Greece is entitled to a foremost place. It is a land of sunshine and smiles. Its inhabitants are cheery, optimistic, and in every respect of a character in keeping with the delightful climatic conditions of their country. No more striking proof of the equable nature of the climate of Greece is needed than the fact of the delicate currant vines growing there to such perfection as they do. These currants are really little seedless grapes, and can only be produced under ideal weather conditions. When perfectly ripe they are dried by the sun in the open air and shipped to this country for the use of the British housewife. You cannot use these currants too liberally. The more you put in your puddings and cakes, the more nourishing they will be. Besides, the sugar contained in currants is the pure and natural grape sugar which is so necessary to the human system. Ask your grocer for a free copy of the new booklet, "Home Recipes for Cooking Currants," which tells you how to make the most delightful puddings, cakes, and other dainties at a little cost.



COOKING IN SUMMER.

We all know the old way. Hot, worrying work with a kitchen fire that won't light and won't burn properly . . . A dirty, trying business to clean the kitchen stove and clean the flues twice a week. Why not try the new way—using gas? Gas heated cookers give heat for cooking only — just exactly as much as you want. They are clean always, ready always, and will cook half a dozen things at once. . . .

Write to Dept. "O" The Gas Light and Coke Co., Horseferry Road, Westminster, and ask them to send you full particulars.

A6

OBESITY

AND ITS DISCOMFORT CAN BE AVOIDED

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The Editor's Box

An Interesting Work

Mr. Werner Laurie is about to publish an entirely new edition of "Ponce de Leon" — the rise of the Argentine Republic — by "an Estanciero." The book was first published in 1878, and has long been out of print. The work has been recognised as the best and most accurate description yet written of the British invasion and the rise of the Argentine Republic. Special interest attaches to its republication in view of the centenary of the birth of the Argentine Republic, which takes place this year.

Broadway Theatre

The Brass Bottle is the visitor here this week. The company and whole production come direct from the Vaudeville Theatre, where the piece made such a tremendous success.

New Ordnance Map

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has just issued a new ordnance small scale map of Stratford-on-Avon and Worcester on behalf of the Ordnance Survey authorities. During the last year or two, since Mr. Unwin's appointment as the sole wholesale agent for the sale of these small scale maps, a good deal of attention has been given to them in the Press and elsewhere. They are, of course, Government publications, and, therefore, the official maps from which all others have to be prepared. In the early days they were not available in attractive form, but I agree with Mr. Unwin that the new large sheet series on the scales both of one-mile and two-miles to the inch, and especially the new set printed on the so-called "layer system," are unexcelled by any maps hitherto produced. The net prices of these maps are *1s. 6d.* on paper; mounted on linen, *2s.*; and mounted in sections, *2s. 6d.* each.

Sale of Porcelain

At the sale of the late Mrs. Harrisson's collection of porcelain on Monday, May 2, at 20, Hanover Terrace, big prices were obtained by Messrs. Hampton and Sons for some small pieces of Hochst china. A 7¾in. white group fetched £73 10*s.*; a figure of Cupid 8in. high, £52 10*s.*; a 6in. figure of a seated female, £39 18*s.*; a 6¼in. figure of a man, £34 13*s.*; a figure of a youth, £26; six 3in. figures, £30; and a 5in. figure of a boy, £18. The English and Oriental china also fetched good prices.

A New Bicycle

The Premier Cycle Company, Ltd., of Coventry, have perfected a new bicycle built on a new principle, and called the Premier New Welded Bicycle. The special points about this splendid cycle are: (1) A welded frame with indestructible joints—new exclusively Premier feature; (2) both ladies' and gentlemen's models are fitted with Sturmey-Archer three-speed gear; (3) enamelled sage-green, lined in 22ct. gold; and (4) Dunlop tyres and Premier special saddle.

Improved Services to the Continent

Many important alterations and improvements in the services to the Continent by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway have taken place. The morning service to Paris, viâ Folkestone-Boulogne, leaving Charing Cross at 10 a.m., has been accelerated by twenty-five minutes. The Night mail services to Cologne, Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Heidelberg, Stuttgart, and Munich, by the Dover-Calais, Dover-Ostend, and Queenborough-Flushing routes, have been greatly accelerated. An hour's acceleration is also effected in the night mail service to Amsterdam and the other Dutch cities, viâ Queenborough-Flushing. The Passion Play at Oberammergau was performed for the first time on May 16, and through bookings by all routes have been arranged. All particulars will be found in the S.E. and C.R. Continental Time-Tables, *3d.*

Publications Received.

PAUL MUSGRAVE. By C. Wildridge. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
THE LAND OF LONG AGO. By Eliza C. Hall. (Cassell: 6s.)
A HONEYMOON AND AFTER. By F. E. Philips and P. Fendall. (Eveleigh Nash: 2s. net.)
THE PROFESSIONAL AUNT. By Mrs. G. Wemyss. (Constable: 5s.)
PLUMAGE. By C. Stanton and H. Hosken. (Paul: 6s.)
A YEAR'S DINNERS. By May Little. (Laurie: 6s. net.)
MISS FERRIBY'S CLIENTS. By F. Warden. (Laurie: 2s. net.)
THE EARTH. By F. B. Fagan. (Fisher Unwin: 2s. 6d. net.)
THE HUNGER. By Andrew Merry. (Melrose: 6s.)
THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS. By Yvonne Sarcey. (Melrose: 3s. 6d. net.)
THE WOMEN NAPOLEON LOVED. By Tighe Hopkins: Eveleigh Nash: 15s. net.)
HUNTERS. By F. F. Barton, M.R.C.V.S. (Eveleigh Nash: 7s. 6d. net.)
TANGLED RELATIONS. By Colonel C. Larking. (Eveleigh Nash: 6s.)
THE SHADOW OF GLORY. By A. W. Kipling. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
THE KING'S HIGHWAY. By H. B. M. Watson. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
A HISTORY OF PERUGIA. By William Heywood. (Methuen: 12s. 6d. net.)
DRUMS OF WAR. By H. de Vere Stacpoole (Murray: 6s.)

NO MORE FACIAL ECZEMA

The most severe and obstinate case cured
Equally valuable in every skin illness

FEW diseases cause so much misery, suffering, and disfigurement as eczema, and the most annoying form is facial eczema. It renders the sufferer unsightly, the irritation is maddening, being worse at night even than during the day, and unfortunately so-called remedies fail to touch this trouble, and doctors are baffled by it. Time after time sufferers write to say that they have tried ointments, received medical treatment, consulted specialists, and that everything has proved useless, the irritation being as bad as ever, and a cure as distant as when they first began. To all such sufferers the only safe advice is "Use Antexema." The minute it is applied relief will be gained, irritation will stop, rest will become possible, and the first step towards a complete and lasting cure will have been taken. This is the experience of tens of thousands who at one time despaired of a cure, but who are now in the enjoyment of perfect skin health, every sign of skin illness having completely and finally disappeared as a result of using Antexema. No form of skin illness is too severe for Antexema.

Antexema rapidly clears the skin of pimples and eczema

The Only Certain Cure

Please note that the *only* remedy that can thus be depended upon to effect a genuine cure is Antexema, and the reason for its extraordinary success is that it is purely scientific. Antexema was discovered by a well-known doctor as the result of his investigations as to the cause and treatment of skin ailments. The marvellous results that have followed the use of Antexema are almost incredible. Former sufferers are continually writing to say they have been cured after suffering for many years, and we quote one such letter from the thousands received. Mrs. N. K., of Glasgow (address on application), writes:—

For bad legs and sore places you must use Antexema

"I must thank you for Antexema, which has entirely cured eczema on my little girl's face which she had had for five years. I tried nearly every so-called cure without effect, but I am glad to say there is not a spot left since I used Antexema." This will be your experience if you use the same remedy.

Antexema is not an ointment, and it does not clog the pores like an ointment, neither does it disfigure the user if applied to the face, neck, or hands. It is a creamy liquid, possessing great antiseptic and germ-destroying power, and it exerts extraordinary curative influence. As soon as it is applied to the affected part it dries over it and forms an artificial and invisible skin, which renders it impossible for dirt, dust, grit, or germs to enter. It at once begins to cure you. All burning, smarting, and irritation stops, and gradually the old, diseased, worn-out skin is replaced by new, healthy, and spotless skin, free from every sign of illness.

Antexema is the favourite skin cure with mothers

Skin Troubles Cured by Antexema

The following are some of the troubles cured by Antexema: Abscess, acne, angry-looking pimples, bad legs, baby rashes, barber's rash, blackheads, blotches, breakings-outs, chafed skin, cracked skin, eczema of every kind, eruptions, face spots, facial blemishes, herpes, inflamed patches, nettle-rash, patches of redness, pimples, prickly heat, rashes, red, inflamed spots, ringworm, scalp troubles, shaving rash, shingles, skin irritation, sores, tender skin, and teething rash. Information in regard to these skin troubles will be found in the family handbook, "Skin Troubles," enclosed with every bottle of Antexema, together with valuable advice as to diet, habits of life, and other important points.

Thus far the question of curing skin illness has been discussed, but the prevention of such troubles is even more important, because "Prevention is better than cure." Skin complaints are so prevalent because the early symptoms are neglected, with the result that the sufferer who fails to realise their significance falls an easy victim. Deal with the first signs. Prevent the enemy attacking you by using Antexema the moment your skin becomes red, rough, inflamed, or irritated. The little pimples you notice to-day soon get bigger and break and then a cure becomes a longer and more tedious matter. Always keep a bottle of Antexema handy, apply it at the first sign of skin illness and you will thus avoid needless suffering. Delay is dangerous.

Antexema quickly removes eruptions rashes, and sores

Every Chemist, Pharmacist, and Store, including Boots', Taylor's, Lewis and Burrow's, Army and Navy Stores, Parkes', Civil Service Stores, and every Cash Chemist, supplies Antexema, in regular 1s. bottles, or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d. from the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. Also obtainable everywhere in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, and every British Dominion.

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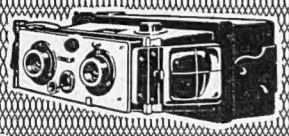

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